



My Pious Friends
AND
Drunken Companions



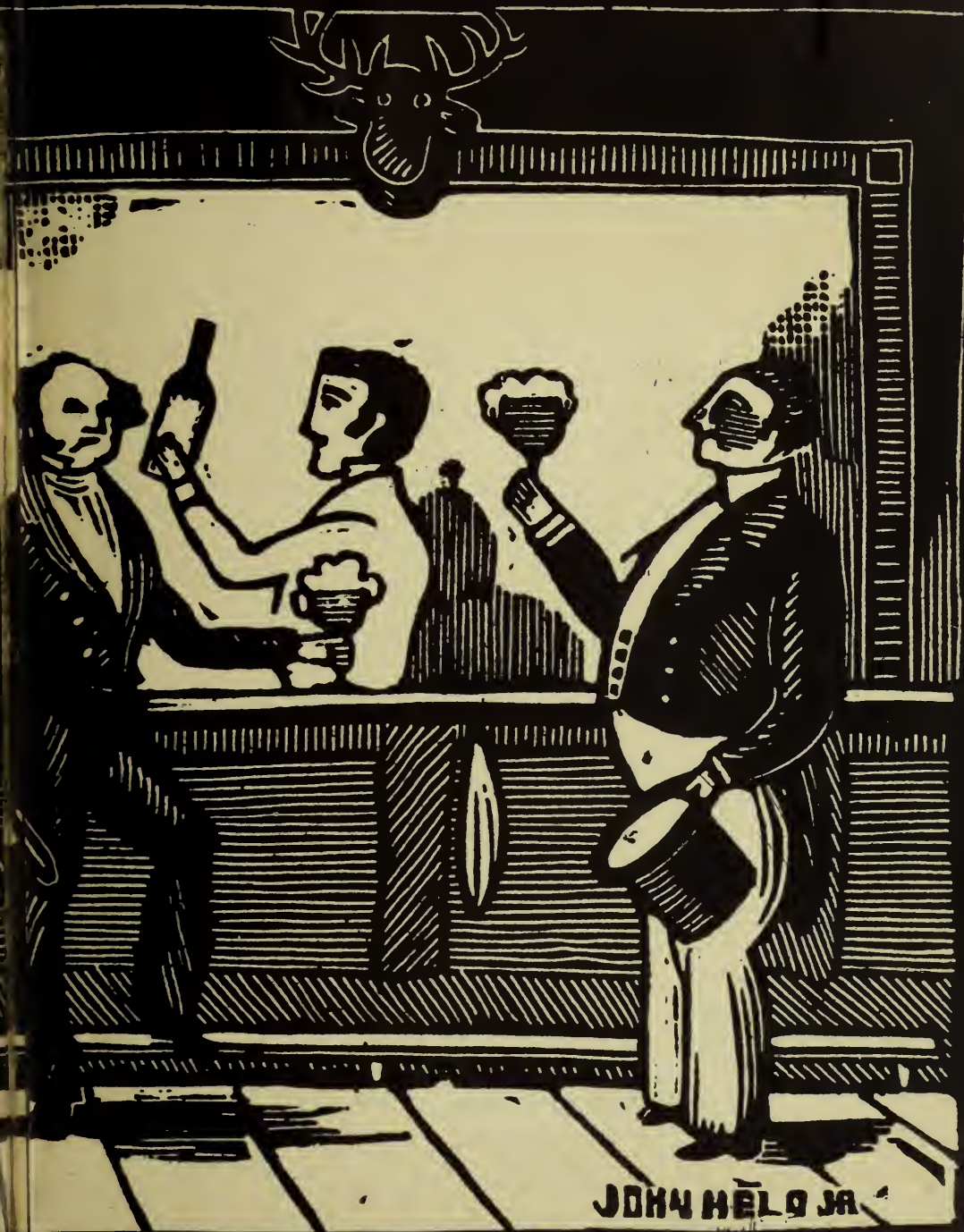
FRANK SHAY
JOHN HELD Jr.



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BYGONE DAYS



H. Garon Hornlein

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MY PIOUS FRIENDS AND
DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

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The RUMRUNNER'S
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MY PIOUS FRIENDS



AND

DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

SONGS AND
BALLADS OF
CONVIVIALITY

Collected by
FRANK SHAY



MAGNIFICENTLY
ILLUMINATED

by
JOHN HELD JR.

THE MACAULAY COMPANY

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"Pure water is the best of
gifts that man to man can bring.
But who am I that I should have
the best of anything?
Let princes revel at the pump,
let peers with ponds make free,
Whiskey or wine, or even beer,
is good enough for me."

Neaves.

By FRANK SHAY

IRON MEN AND WOODEN SHIPS, a
Collection of Sailor Songs and Chanties.

MY PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN
COMPANIONS, a collection of ballads
from the Dear, Dead Days.

THE BALLAD BOOK, a Collection of the
World's Famous Ballads. *In preparation.*

OVER THE BURNING SANDS x

ALL Americans are two or three drinks below normal. This simple statement will not be at all startling to the ballad-lover. He is only too well aware that without the immediate aid of alcoholic stimulant our landsmen cannot be induced to loose their tongues in song. A lethargic and inhibited crew, my merry fellows. Only with such assistance are we able to get the lead out of our feet and the frogs from our throats: not until we are pleasantly whiffled are we able to break down those walls of puritanic repression that seem to be our only birthright. Now that we are deprived of our tippie it is highly probable we will lapse into a dolorous and lugubrious silence unbroken save by a highly moralistic interference.

There was a period not so long gone, a time contemptuously called Victorian but which is now receiving the favorable attention of our most advanced historians, when we rose to the heights. It was our nearest approach to urbanity, a time when we sang and drank and danced, though we did all three quite badly. Given an even break we might have sloughed off our amateurishness and become a truly festive nation. Like all drinkers we were good fellows when we had it. . . .

Can you recall those days? The Naughty Nineties? The days when the words "naughty" and "wicked" were still uncorrupted; when a professed preference for the company of widows marked you a man of the world, a gay man-about-town? When the places that dispensed liquid refreshment had swinging doors and were called saloons: when the very best cost but fifteen cents; when a bender was called a bun; when a man who was frequently intoxicated was an old toper and not a souse? Those were the days! The never-to-be-forgotten Nineties, the dear, dead days that are gone forever.

Those were the days! Our first impulse when pleasantly jingled was to burst into mellifluous song. It required but a few similarly stimulated males to make a party. In those dear days girls were parlor fixtures and did not intrude upon the provinces of men. Far be it from the purpose of this indifferent commentator to deplore today's customs: in many ways we have a better time for their presence, a much better time indeed.

Let's get back to our party at the bar. The impulse to sing came quite early in the proceedings. Joe, he of the nervous fingers, would suggest the party retire to the back room and see if the piano was working. It was a very obvious stall: each of you knew why you went towards the piano but you continued to talk of other matters. You talked largely of Congress and the situation in Cuba, you were outspoken in your condemnation of Spain and you

strongly advised American interference. More homely matters such as Irish Maggie's new baby and how the least Tim could do was to marry the girl; it was what was expected of a gentleman. Perhaps Joe didn't care much for the opinions being aired and hummed a few bars of "There'll Be a Hot Time In the Old Town Tonight" or "After the Ball." Down deep in your innocent hearts you knew this was all preparatory to the real business at hand. Joe was at the piano. Even before the sweet singer of the old Ninth Ward got on his favorites the group essayed a close harmony number, quite likely "Way Down Yonder In the Cornfield." You probably found room for complaint; the tenor was off, the second couldn't lead or something was sour. There was nothing to do but to order another round. You sat over your drink awaiting the great moment. Then Jim, who was married, got up and said he'd have to be going along before it got too late: Bill recalled that he had promised his wife he'd get up early the next morning and mow the lawn before he went to work.

Joe and Tom, bachelors, seeing their nice little party going to the dogs resolved upon stern measures. Joe turned again to the piano and picked out "I Wish I Was Single Again" in a provoking manner to make the two married men tarry a bit longer. Didn't the single fellows have all the fun? Jim and Bill would stay for just one

more round if Joe would sing "Clementine." Joe did and added "Young Charlotte" for good measure. Thus heartened Joe opened the floodgates of song. He added, with the usual concomitant of beverage, "The High Barbaree" and "There is a Tavern in the Town." "Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir" was a long song and could only be appreciated by an encore round. They tried, collectively of course, "Frankie and Johnnie" and "Christofo Columbo," punctuated by more libations and met "Casey Jones" like an old friend. "The Cowboy's Lament" and "Lydia Pinkham" came, spent a few minutes, and were toasted out of the party. On and on they went through their repertory truly happy and almost free. They could not know that within a few short years their whiskey tenors and booze baritones were to be stilled forever.

The evening wore on. New members attached themselves to the party and some dropped out. Just about the time they were resinging some numbers the barkeep came in and apologetically asked the boys to have one on the house, a night cap, the place was closing and he was only obeying the law. Funny thing, in those wet and depraved days we had an inordinate respect for the law that today is quite lacking. A hurried round to polish off the night, a little close harmony on "I've Been Working On the Railroad" and out into the stilly night. Perhaps we were a little wobbly on our feet; the cop on the beat winked an eye and turned his head the other way. A good night's

sleep, a bath in the morning and we were none the worse for our festal night.

The songs in this little volume are in a manner snatched from that era and those jongleurs. The music-lover who frequents the symphony concerts and delves deep into the works of Wagner and De Bussy will dismiss them as trivial. He will point, if you persist, to their clichés, to their assonances and to their lack of true melody. If you attempt to sing them he will cover his ears with his hands and appeal to some ceiling deity to protect him from their dissonances. The folk-lorist will dismiss them with the phrases profane and vulgar. To him they are but the product of low resorts, gutter songs, the communal musical expression of an artistically destitute society.

My title needs a word of explanation. Away back in the good old days of long ago I found myself eagerly seeking a homestead in what was happily called "the last great West." At Tête Jaune Cache there was a straw-boss known locally as "Blackie." The cockneys referred to him as "a bit of a breed" and perhaps he was. Maybe he had a bit of black or red blood mixed in with the white. He commanded our respect in a very unbreedlike way and held it as such is held out where men were supposed to be men. Blackie would get rousinglly drunk, not at the Pass but in Edmonton, hammer on the bar and demand further drinks for his pious friends and drunken companions, one of which, happily at those times, I happened to be.

In using Blackie's kriegspiel I have rendered tribute where it is due and I have successfully included the two vastly different audiences for drinking songs: the singing hydropot and the warbling guzzler. The former puts a great deal more feeling into songs glorifying inebriation than the authors ever hoped for, and the latter sings those songs in which there is little or no mention of drink or drinking. The white-ribbon lads lift their thin voices trying hard to animate the words of Ben Jonson's "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes" fully convinced they are singing a devilish, ribald song straight from hell's gaudy gin-mills. Any half-hearted soak could tell them it is no more a drinking song than Stevenson's "Sixteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest" is a pirate's song.

The so-called drinking songs, the songs that glorify the drinking of spiritous and fermented liquors, are weak and vapid things at their best. Almost without exception they carry the smell of the oil-lighted library lamp and show the literary striving for rhyme and effect. Only on occasion do they rise to such glory as: "The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road" and only Chesterton could achieve that. The modern minne-singers, Belloc, Masefield and Maynard sing, for the most part, of beer and skittles and sometimes they attempt to celebrate the virtues of the lowly cider. The honest and simple reveler much prefers the sentimental and melancholy ballads.

These then are the songs professional drinkers sing when in a convivial mood. They are presented in all their tawdry garments, unprettified save that in some cases their faces and hands have been washed so they may properly appear in company. Their assonances, defective rhythms, their atrocious rhetoric, their vulgarities have been retained. As far as possible they go to you as they were sung in their prime with the hope that in your enforced aridity they may still give some pleasure.

Some were first heard in the haunts of Blackie; others came from a little Spanish bosun on a Standard Oil tank-ship and some from two members of the crew of the same ship, some from the sea-coast gin-mills frequented by sailors, some from the army camps in this country and France. Not a few were first heard in Luke O'Connor's Working Girl's Home, where Masefield found honorable employment serving the suds to old Ninth Warders, others in The Golden Swan, known to the literate and cognoscenti as The Hell Hole, still others came from homes, studios and clubs. Wherever it has been possible I have given the singer credit on the page with the ballad: a tricky memory may have slighted many, I can only ask their indulgence and acknowledge their help and interest in this manner.

Readers, meet my pious friends and drunken companions: I think you ought to know and like each other.

FRANK SHAY.

Provincetown, Mass.
May 1, 1927.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

It is more with pleasure and honor than from any sense of duty that I acknowledge the expert and valuable assistance given me in compiling this work by Miss Helen Ramsey and Mr. Robert A. Slavin. Mine alone was the pleasurable task to listen and decide the contents: theirs to set down the words and shoe-horn them into the melodies. Thanks, too, are due to Miss Packey Leveson and Miss Judith Tobey, to Messrs. James E. Harris, Adolf Bergman, William H. Wells, Cardwell Thompson, John Held, Jr., George Cronyn, Clinton Jonas, H. Douglas Hadden, Charles Somerville, and others who must remain anonymous.

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F. S.



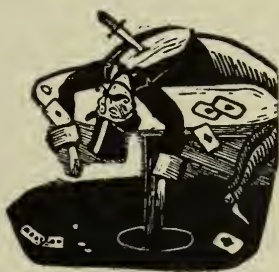
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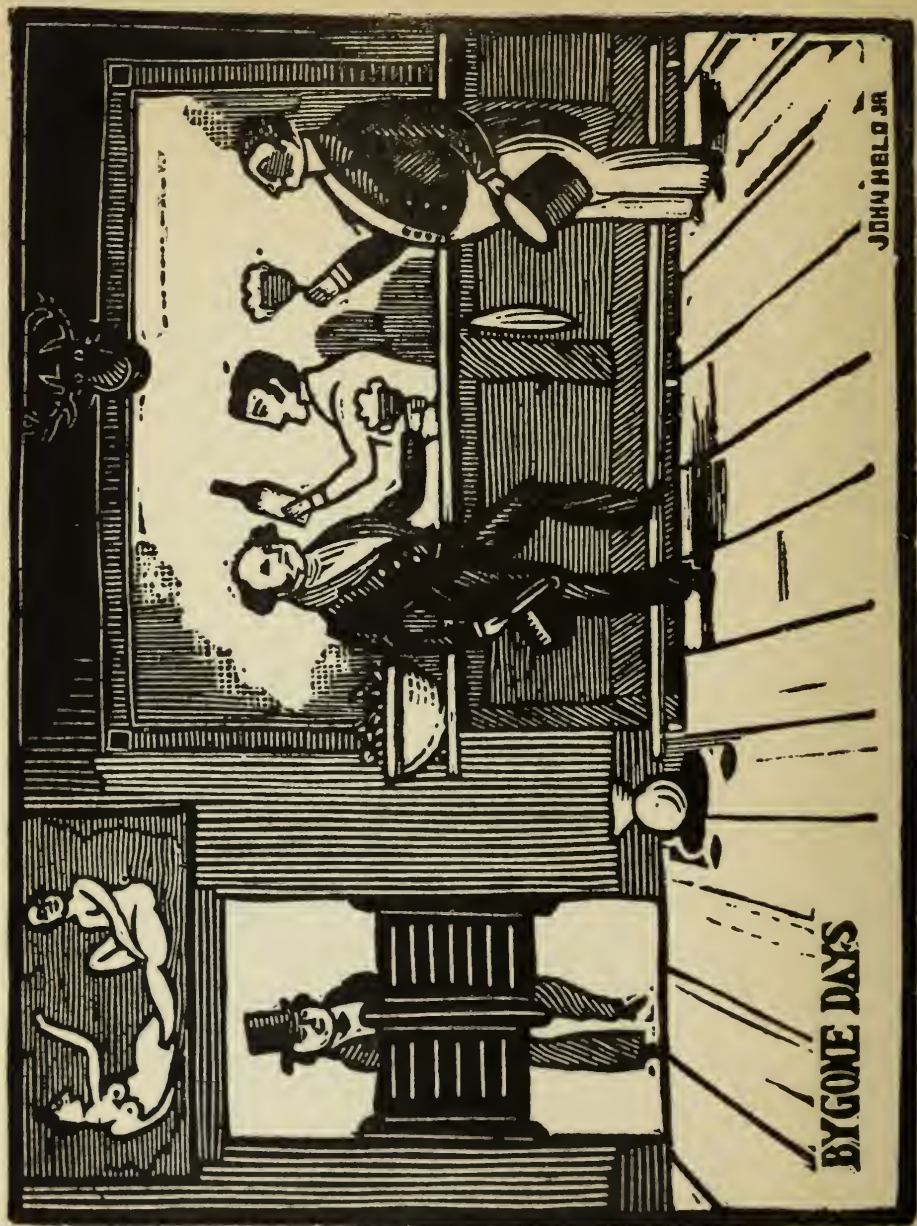
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MY PIOUS FRIENDS AND
DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

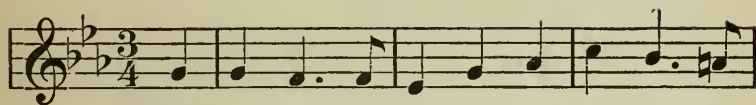




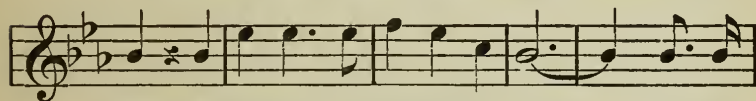
BYGONE DAYS

JOHN HELD JR

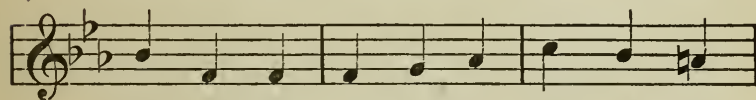
ABDULLAH BUL-BUL AMIR * ♫



Oh the sons of the pro-phet were val-iant and



brave And quite un - ac-customed to fear, But the



brav - est by far in the ranks of the



shah, was Ab - dul - lah Bul-Bul A - mir.

When they needed a man to encourage the van

Or harass the foe from the rear,

Or storm a redoubt, they had only to shout

For Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir.

* Sometimes known as Abdul A-Bul-Bul Amir.

There are men of renown and well known to fame
In the army that's led by the czar,
But the best known of all was a man by the name
Of Ivan Petrovsky Skivar.

He could imitate Irving, play poker and pool,
And strum on the Spanish guitar;
In fact quite the cream of the Muscovite team,
Was Ivan Petrovsky Skivar.

One day this bold Russian he shouldered his gun
And with his most truculent sneer,
Was looking for fun when he happened to run
Upon Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir.

"Young man," said Bul-Bul, "is existence so dull
That you're anxious to end your career?
For infidel know you have trod on the toe
Of Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir."

Said Ivan, "My friend, your remarks in the end
Will avail you but little, I fear,
For you never will survive to repeat them alive,
Mr. Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir."

"O, take one last look at this cool shady nook,
And send your regrets to the czar.
By which I imply you are going to die,
Mr. Ivan Petrovsky Skivar."

Then this haughty Mameluke drew his trusty skibouk,
And shouting "Allah Akbar,"
And on murder bent he ferociously went
For Ivan Petrovsky Skivar.

As Abdullah's long knife was extracting the life,
In fact, as he shouted "Huzzah,"
He felt himself struck by that wily Kalmuck,
Count Ivan Petrovsky Skivar.

The Sultan rode up the disturbance to quell,
Expecting the victor to cheer,
But he only drew nigh to hear the last sigh,
Of Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir.

Czar Petrovitch too, in his uniform blue,
Rode up in his new crested car,
He arrived just in time to exchange a last line
With Ivan Petrovsky Skivar.

On a stone by the banks where the Danube doth roll,
Engraved in characters clear,
Is "Stranger, remember to pray for the soul,
Of Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir."

A Muscovite maid her long vigil doth keep,
Alone 'neath the cold northern star,
And the name that she murmurs in vain as she weeps,
Is Ivan Petrovsky Skivar.

THE BAND PLAYED ON ♪

1. **M**ATT CASEY formed a social club that beat
the town for style,
And hired for a meeting place a hall;
When pay day came around each week they
greased the floor with wax,
And danced with noise and vigor at the ball.
Each Saturday you'd see them dressed up in Sunday
clothes,
Each lad would have his sweetheart by his side.
When Casey led the first grand march they all would
fall in line,
Behind the man who was their joy and pride.
For—

Chorus

Casey would waltz with a strawberry blonde,
And the band played on,
He'd glide 'cross the floor with the girl he ador'd.
And the band played on,
But his brain was so loaded it nearly exploded,
The poor girl would shake with alarm.
He'd never leave the girl with the strawberry curl,
And the band played on.

DO NOT SPIT
ON THE FLOOR



"CASEY HE DANCED WITH A STRAWBERRY BLONDE
AND THE BAND PLAYED ON"
AMERICAN FOLK SONG
—ENG BY JOHN HELD JR—

2. Such kissing in the corner and such whispering in the hall,
 And telling tales of love behind the stairs—
 As Casey was the favorite and he that ran the ball,
 Of kissing and love-making did his share.
 At twelve o'clock exactly they all would fall in line,
 Then march down to the dining-hall and eat.
 But Casey would not join them although every thing
 was fine,
 But he stayed upstairs and exercised his feet.
 For—

Chorus

3. Now when the dance was over and the band played
 "Home Sweet Home,"
 They played a tune at Casey's own request.
 He thanked them very kindly for the favors they had
 shown,
 Then he'd waltz once with the girl he loved best.
 Most all the friends are married that Casey used to
 know,
 And Casey too has taken him a wife.
 The blonde he used to waltz and glide with on the ball-
 room floor,
 Is happy Missis Casey now for life.
 For—

O! SUSANNA ☹️

I came from Alabama
Wid my banjo on my knee;
I'm gwine to Louisiana,
My true love for to see.
It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death;
Susanna, don't you cry.

Chorus

O! Susanna, O don't you cry for me;
I've come from Alabama
Wid my banjo on my knee.

I jumped aboard de telegraph
And trabbled down the ribber,
De 'lectric fluid magnified
And killed five hundred nigger;
De bullgine bust, de horse run off,
I really thought I'd die;

I shut my eyes, to hold my breath;
Susanna, don't you cry.

Chorus

I had a dream de odder night
When ebery t'ing was still;
I thought I saw Susanna
A-coming down the hill;
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
The tear was in her eye;
Says I, "I'm coming from the South,
Susanna, don't you cry."

Chorus

I soon will be in New Orleans,
And den I'll look all round,
And when I find Susanna
I will fall upon the ground;
And if I do not find her
Dis darkie'll surely die,
And when I'm dead and buried,
Susanna, don't you cry.

Chorus

SAM BASS ✪

SAM BASS was born in Indiana, it was his native home,
And at the age of seventeen young Sam began to roam.

Sam first came out to Texas a cowboy for to be;
A kinder-hearted fellow you seldom ever see.

Now Sam left the Collins ranch in the merry month of
May,

With a herd of Texas cattle the Black Hills for to see.
Sold out in Custer City, went on an awful spree;
A tougher lot of cowboys the country never see.

In coming back from Denver they robbed the U. P. train,
They then split up in parties and started out again.
Joe Collins and his partners were overtaken soon,
And with all their hard-earned money they had to meet
their doom.

Sam made it back to Texas, all right side up with care,
Rode into the town of Denton with all his friends to
share.

But his career was short in Texas, three robberies did he
do,
He held up all the passengers, the mail and express cars,
too.

Sam had four companions, four brave and daring lads:
They were Richardson, Jackson, Joe Collins and Old
Dad;
Four more bold and daring cowboys the ranchers never
knew,
They whipped the Texas Rangers and ran the boys in
blue.

Sam had another companion, called Arkansaw for short,
He was shot by a Texas Ranger by the name of Thomas
Fort.
O, Tom was a big six-footer and thought him mighty fly,
But I can tell you his racket, he was a deadbeat on the
sly.

Jim Murphy borrowed Sam's good gold and then refused
to pay,
The only shot he fired was to give poor Sam away.
Jim sold out Sam and Barnes and left their friends to
mourn,
But what a scorching Jim will get when Gabriel blows
his horn.

Sam Bass met his fate at Round Rock, July the twenty-first,

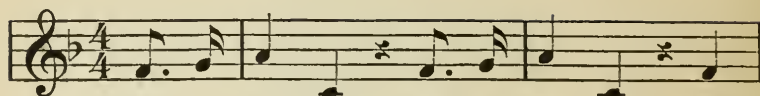
They filled poor Sam with rifle balls and emptied out his purse,

And now he is a corpse and his body turned to clay,

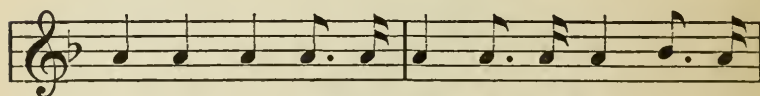
And Jackson's gone to Mexico and there I guess he'll stay.



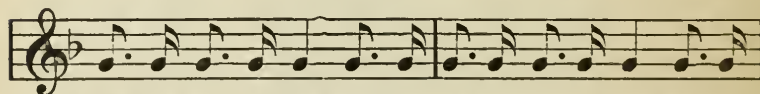
BROTHER NOAH ♫



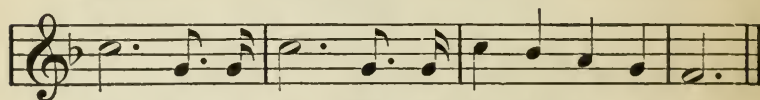
Broth - er No - ah Broth - er No - ah May



I come in - to the Ark of the Lord for it's

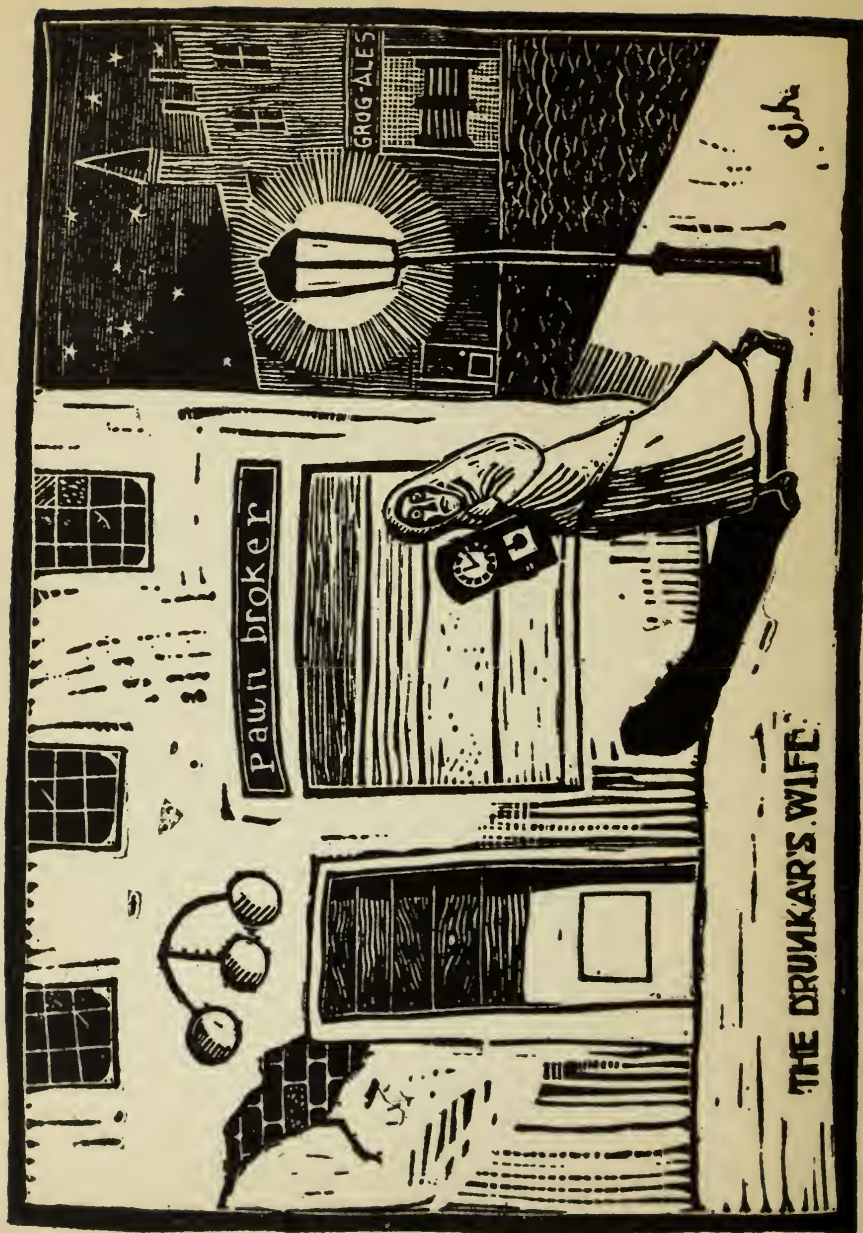


grow-ing ve - ry dark and it's rain-ing ve - ry hard Hal - le

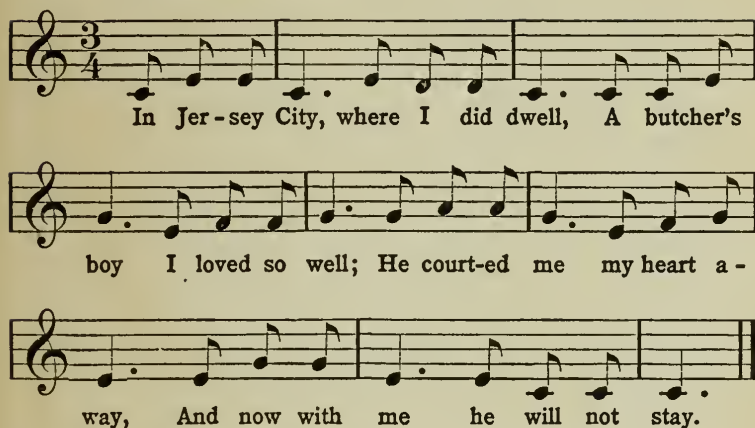


loo Hal - le loo Hal - le loo - oo - oo - ia.

2. No, you can't sir, no, you can't, sir,
 You can't come into the ark of the Lord
 Though it's growing very dark and it's raining very
 hard.
 Hallelloo, hallelloo, hallelloo, hallelujah!
3. Very well, sir, very well, sir,
 You can go to the dickens with your darned old
 scow,
 'Cause it ain't goin' to rain very hard no how.
 Hallelloo, hallelloo, hallelloo, hallelujah!
4. That's a lie, sir, that's a lie, sir,
 You can darn soon tell that it ain't no sell,
 'Cause it's sprinklin' now and it's goin' to rain like
 hell.
 Hallelloo, hallelloo, hallelloo, hallelujah!



THE BUTCHER'S BOY ♪



In Jer-sey City, where I did dwell, A butcher's
boy I loved so well; He court-ed me my heart a -
way, And now with me he will not stay.

2. There is a house in this same town,
Where my true love goes and sits him down;
He takes a strange girl on his knee,
And tells her what he won't tell me.

* Some versions have it "Dublin City": Boston City, in fact, New York City, will serve equally well. Obviously it is the natural brother of "There Is a Tavern In the Town."

3. 'Tis grief for me, I'll tell you why,
Because she has more gold than I;
Her gold will melt and silver fly,
She'll see the day she's poor as I.
4. I went upstairs to make my bed,
And nothing to my mother said,
I took a chair and sit me down,
With pen and ink I wrote it down.
5. On every line I dropped a tear,
While calling home my Willie dear. . . .
Her father he came home that night,
"Where, Oh where has my darling gone?"
6. He went upstairs, the door he broke,
And found her hanging by a rope.
He took his knife and cut her down,
And on her breast these lines he found:
7. "Go dig my grave both wide and deep,
Place a marble stone at my head and feet.
Upon my breast a marble dove
To show them that I died for love."

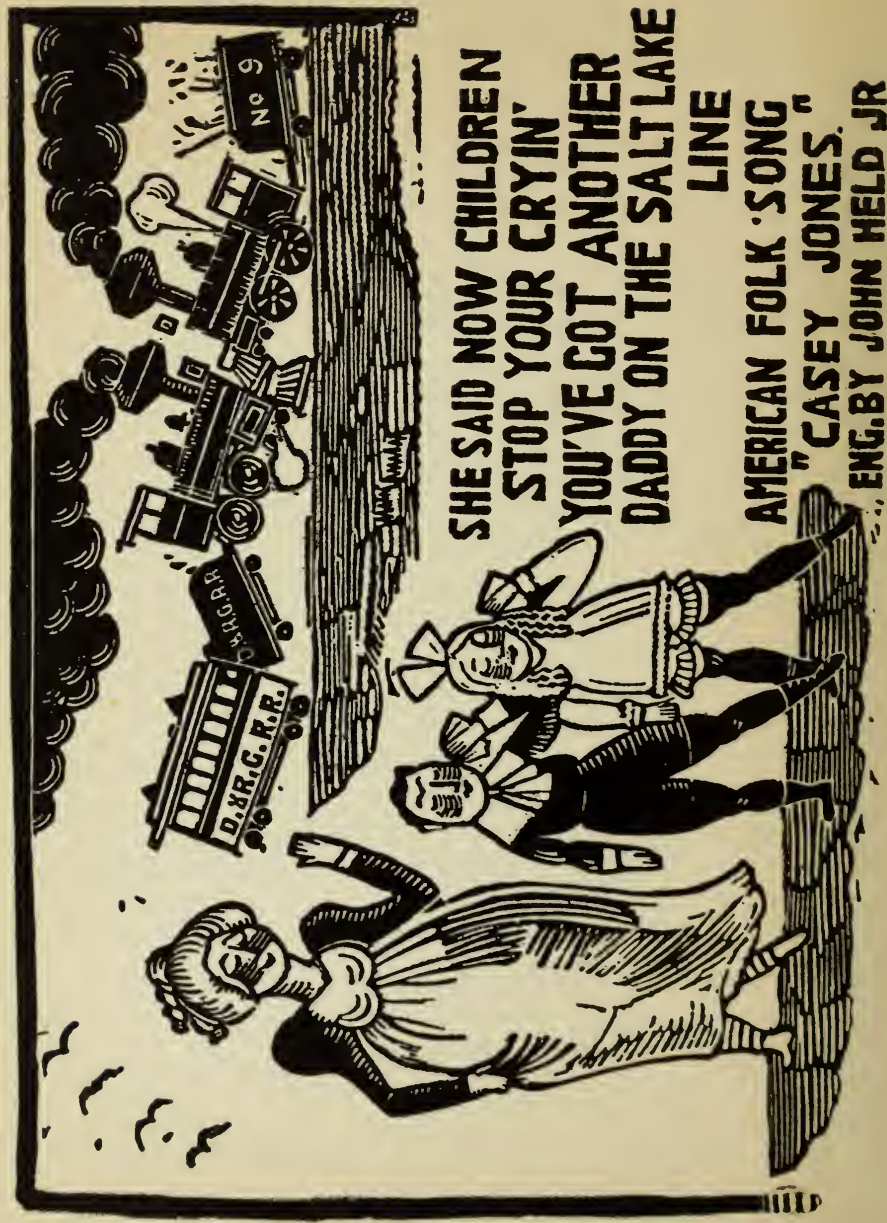
CASEY JONES * ☺

COME all you rounders if you want to hear,
A story about a brave engineer,
Casey Jones was the rounder's name,
On a six-eight wheeler, boys, he won his fame.
The caller called Casey at half past four,
Kissed his wife at the station door,
Mounted to the cabin with his orders in his hand,
And took his farewell trip to that promised land.

Casey Jones! Mounted to the cabin,
Casey Jones with his orders in his hand.
Casey Jones! Mounted to his cabin,
And took his farewell trip to that promised land.

Put in your water and shovel in your coal,
Put your head out the window, watch them drivers roll,
I'll run her till she leaves the rail,
'Cause I'm eight hours late with that western mail.
He looked at his watch, and his watch was slow,
He looked at his water and the water was low,

* Literally K.C. Jones; Kansas City Jones.



SHE SAID NOW CHILDREN
STOP YOUR CRYIN'
YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER
DADDY ON THE SALT LAKE
LINE

AMERICAN FOLK SONG
"CASEY JONES."

ENG. BY JOHN HELD JR

He turned to the fireman and he said,
"We're going to reach Frisco but we'll all be dead."

Casey Jones! Going to reach Frisco,
Casey Jones! But we'll all be dead.
Casey Jones! Going to reach Frisco,
We're going to reach Frisco, but we'll all be dead.

Casey pulled up that Reno hill,
He tooted for the crossing with an awful shrill,
The switchmen knew by the engine's moans
That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones.
He pulled up within two miles of the place,
Number Four stared him right in the face,
Turned to the fireman, said, "Boy, you'd better jump,
'Cause there's two locomotives that's a-going to bump."

Casey Jones! Two locomotives!
Casey Jones! That's a-going to bump!
Casey Jones! Two locomotives!
There's two locomotives that's a-going to bump.

Casey said just before he died,
"There's two more roads that I'd like to ride."
Fireman said, "What could they be?"
"The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe."
Mrs. Jones sat on her bed a-sighing,

Just received a message that Casey was dying,
Said, "Go to bed, children, and hush your crying,
'Cause you got another papa on the Salt Lake Line."

Casey Jones! Got another papa!
Casey Jones! On that Salt Lake Line!
Casey Jones! Got another papa!
And you've got another papa on that Salt Lake Line.

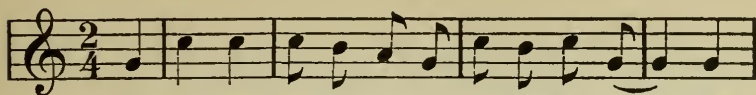
CASEY JONES II ❧

A more artless variant was heard on a Canadian Northern work train out where, as the travel brochures have it, the "last great West begins":

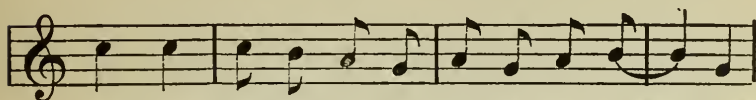
COME all you rounders for I want you to hear
The story told of a brave engineer;
Casey Jones was the rounder's name
On a heavy six-eight wheeler he rode to fame.

Caller called Jones about half past four,
Jones kissed his wife at the station door,
Climbed into the cab with the orders in his hand,
Says, "This is my trip to the promised land."

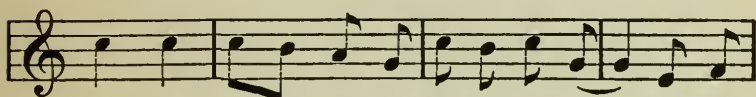
Through South Memphis yards on the fly,
He heard the firemen say, "You've got a white-eye."
All the switchmen knew by the engine's moans,
That the hogger at the throttle was Casey Jones.



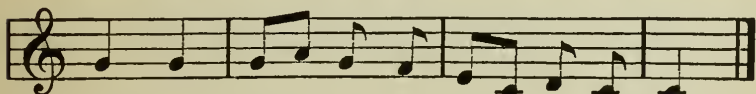
It had been rain-ing for more than a week The



rail-road track was like the bed of a creek. They



rated him down to a thir-ty mile gait. Threw the



south-bound mail a - bout eight hours late.

Fireman says, "Casey, you're runnin' too fast,
You run the block signal the last station you passed."
Jones says, "Yes, I think we can make it, though,
For she steams much better than ever I know."

Jones says, "Fireman, don't you fret,
Keep knockin' at the firedoor, don't give up yet;
I'm goin' to run her till she leaves the rail
Or make it on time with the south-bound mail."

Around the curve and a-down the dump,
Two locomotives were a-bound to bump,
Fireman hollered, "Jones, it's just ahead,
We might jump and make it but we'll all be dead."

'Twas around this curve he saw a passenger train,
Something happened in Casey's brain;
Fireman jumped off, but Jones stayed on,
He's a good engineer but he's dead and gone.

Poor Casey Jones was always all right,
He stuck to his post both day and night:
They loved to hear the whistle of old Number Three
As he came into Memphis on the old K. C.

Headaches and heartaches and all kinds of pain
Are not apart from a railroad train;
Tales that are earnest, noble and gran'
Belong to the life of a railroad man.

NAVY FRAGMENT ☞

OH, the captain went below,
For to light the cabin lamp;
But he couldn't light the lamp
Because the wick was too dam' damp.
Heave-ho, you sons of glory,
The Golden Gates are passed.

FORTY-NINE BOTTLES ☞

FORTY-NINE bottles hanging on the wall.
Forty-nine bottles hanging on the wall.
Take one away from them all,
Forty-eight bottles hanging on the wall.

Continue ad lib, ad nauseam.

ACH, DU LIEBER AUGUSTINE ☞

ACH du lieber Augustine, Augustine, Augustine,
Ach du lieber Augustine alles ist hin!
Geld ist weg, Mäd'l ist weg, alles weg, alles weg,
Ach lieber Augustine alles ist hin!

I WANTA GO HOME ☹️

I WANTA go home, I wanta go home,
The bullets they whistle, the cannons they roar,
I don't wanta go to the trenches no more.
Ship me over the sea,
Where the Allemand can't get at me;
O, my! I'm too young to die,
I wanta go home!

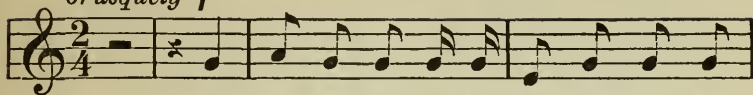
IN THE SWEET BYE AND BYE ☹️

LONG haired preachers come out every night,
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;
But when asked about something to eat,
They will answer in accents so sweet:

You will eat bye and bye,
In the glorious land of the sky.
Work and pray,
Live on hay,
You'll have pie in the sky when you die!

CHRISTOFO COLUMBO

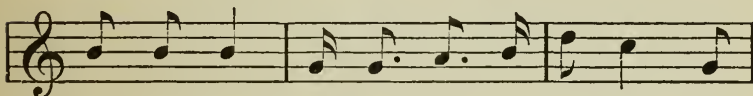
brusquely f



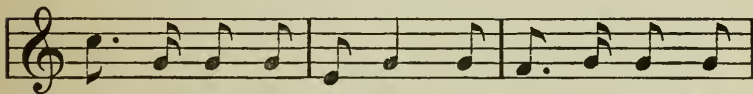
In four-teen hun-dred and nine - ty - two, down



in a Span-ish al - ley, A wop was run-ning



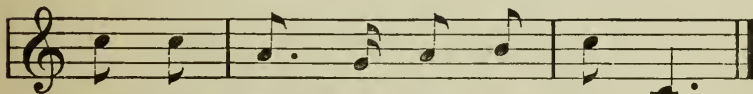
up and down shout-ing "Hot ta - ma - le." Oh



Christ - o - fo Col - um - bo, He thought the world was



round - o, That pi - o - neer - ing Buc - ca -



neer - ing Son-of - a - gun Col - um - bo.

2. Columbus came from Italee,
He was full of pink confetti
He showed the Queen of Spain,
How to manage her spaghetti.

Oh, Christofo Columbo,
Knew land it could be found-o,
That heathen-hating, navigating,
Son-of-a-gun, Columbo!

3. He rushed up to the Queen one day,
Said, "Give me ships and cargo,
I'll be a sea-going, son-of-a-gun
If I don't bring back Chicago."

Oh, Christofo Columbo,
He thought the world was round-o,
That encroaching, queen-approaching,
Son-of-a-gun, Columbo!

4. The Queen she said to Ferdinand,
"His scheme sounds like a daisy."
"To hell with him," said Ferdinand,
"I think the wop is crazy."

Oh, Christofo Columbo,
He thought the world was round-o,
That pioneering, buccaneering,
Son-of-a-gun, Columbo!

5. "It isn't ships or men he wants,
For something else he's shootin',
And if he hangs around you much,
He'll lose his head right tootin'.

Oh, Christofo Columbo,
Knew that gold could be found-o,
That brave seafaring, never-caring,
Son-of-a-gun, Columbo!

6. Said Columbo, "Now, Isabelle,
Don't act so gosh darned funny,
I need the ships and the men
So pony up the money."

Oh, Christofo Columbo,
He knew ships could be found-o
That always busted, never trusted,
Son-of-a-gun, Columbo!

7. Said Isabelle, "Now wait awhile,
And cut out this flam-flimmin';
You've only asked for ships and men
But how about some wimmin?"

Oh, Christofo Columbo,
He knew the world was round-o,
This goll-durning, woman spurning
Son-of-a-gun, Columbo!

8. On the day they sailed away,
 The people thought them crazy.
 Columbus said, "No janes on board,
 The sailors won't get lazy."

Oh, Christofo Columbo,
 Never could be bound-o
 That woman-hating, captivating
 Son-of-a-gun, Columbo!

9. In fourteen hundred and ninety-two,
 Across the broad Atlantic;
 The sailors all were filled with grief,
 Their wives were nearly frantic.

Oh, Christofo Columbo,
 He knew the world was round-o,
 That family-breaking, history-making,
 Son-of-a-gun, Columbo!

10. In fourteen hundred and ninety-two,
 The doctors were not many,
 The only one they had on board
 Was a gosh-darned quack named Benny.

Oh, Christofo Columbo,
 He knew the world was round-o,
 That philosophic, philanthropic,
 Son-of-a-gun, Columbo!

11. Colombo's ears ached him one day,
But Benny was quite placid.
He filled up both Colombo's ears,
With hot mercuric acid.

Oh, Christof Columbo,
Knew doctors could be drowned-o,
That democratic and autocratic,
Son-of-a-gun, Columbo!

12. They anchored near San Salvaydor,
In search of women and booty;
A pretty girl stood on the shore,
Columbo said, "Do your duty."

Oh, Christof Columbo,
Found here was solid ground-o,
That stop-your-shoving, woman-loving,
Son-of-a-gun, Columbo!

13. The sailors jumped into the surf,
And shed their coats and collars,
Columbo said, "The first one there
Will get a hundred dollars."

Oh, Christof Columbo,
Knew where he was bound-o,
That woman-baiting, captivating,
Son-of-a-gun, Columbo!

14. He settled down to stay awhile,
 But things were not so pretty,
 The sailors started getting drunk
 Which really was a pity.

Oh, Christofo Columbo,
 Got to where he was bound-o,
 That heavy-headed, always-dreaded,
 Son-of-a-gun, Columbo!

15. One day they loaded him in chain,
 And shipped him back to Spain.
 Columbo said, "I'm done for good
 These doings give me a pain."

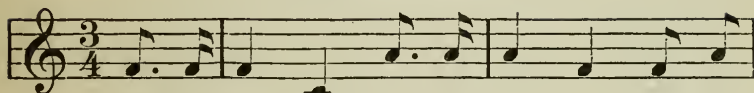
Oh, Christofo Columbo,
 He proved the world was round-o,
 That pioneering, persevering,
 Son-of-a-gun, Columbo!

16. When Columbo got back to Sunny Spain,
 He told them of bonanzas,
 They answered him, "We notice, Wop,
 You ain't got no bananas."

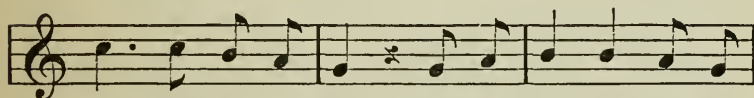
Oh, Christofo Columbo,
 He showed the world was round-o,
 That poorly-treated, badly cheated,
 Son-of-a-gun, Columbo!

CLEMENTINE

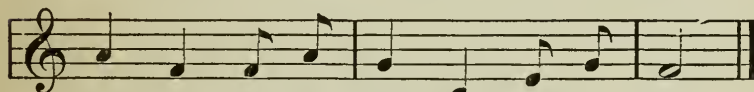
As sung by Ralph Geddes



In a ca - vern, in a can - yon ex - ca -



vat - ing for a mine Dwelt a min - er for - ty



nin - er and his daugh - ter Clem - en - tine.

Light she was, and like a feather,
And her shoes were number nine,
Sardine-boxes, without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.

Chorus



The CURSE OF THE OPERA HOUSE
MAY ALL YOUR CHILDREN BE ACROBATS

ENGRAVED BY JOHN HELD JR

AND SUCH AN ENGRAVING ON MY

Drove she ducklings to the water,
Every morning just at nine,
Stubbed her toe upon a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

Chorus

Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles soft and fine,
Alas, for me! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

Chorus

In a churchyard, near the canyon,
Where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grow roses, and other posies,
Fertilized by Clementine.

Chorus

Then the miner, forty-niner,
Soon began to peak and pine,
Thought he 'oughter jine' his daughter,
Now he's with his Clementine.

Chorus

In my dreams she oft doth haunt me,
With her garments soaked in brine,
Though in life I used to hug her,
Now she's dead I draw the line.

Chorus



WHEN I DIE ☞

WHEN I die, don't bury me at all,
Just pickle my bones in alcohol:
A scuttle of booze
At my head and shoes,
And then my bones will surely keep.

ONE MORE DRINK FOR THE FOUR OF US ☞

I WAS drunk last night,
Drunk the night before;
Going to get drunk tonight
If I never get drunk any more.

'Cause when I'm drunk
I'm as happy as can be:
For I am a member
Of the souse familiee.

Glorious, glorious,
One more drink for the four of us.
Sing glory be to hob there's no more of us
For one of us could kill it all alone.

THE FOGGY, FOGGY DEW ☹

FOR I am a weaver and I live all alone,
And I work at the weavers' trade,
And the only, only thing I ever did wrong
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the summer time, part of the winter, too,
And there were many, many times
That I held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside
When I was fast asleep.
Oh, that pretty little maid came to my bedside
And there began to weep.
She wept, she cried, she damn near died,
Alas, what could I do? So come cuddle into bed
To that pretty maid I said,
And I'll keep you from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now I am a bachelor and I live with my son
And we work at the weavers' trade.
And every time that I look into his eyes,

He reminds me of that fair young maid.
They remind me of the summer time,
Part of the winter, too;
Of the many, many times I held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.



I'M FULL ☞

I 'M full, absolutely full,
But I know the country I was born in.
My name is Jock McGraw
And I dinna care a straw,
For I've a wee bit drappie
In the bottle for the mornin'.

SWEET ROSIE ♡

SWEET Rosie Levinsky,
She was a blacksmith by birth.
She was tired of living
And decided to leave this old earth.
She tried dying by inches,
But finding that this was too hard,
She went out in the alley
Laid down and died by the yard. . . .
(spoken) three feet.

THE OLD GREY MARE ♡

THE old grey mare ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be;
Ain't what she used to be;
O, the old grey mare ain't what she used to be
Twenty years ago.
Twenty years ago, twenty years ago!
O, the old grey mare ain't what she used to be
Twenty years ago.

THE BALLAD OF CAPTAIN KIDD *☛

MY name was William* Kidd, when I sailed, when
I sailed,

My name was William Kidd, when I sailed,
My name was William Kidd,
God's laws I did forbid,
And so wickedly I did, when I sailed.

My parents taught me well, when I sailed, when I sailed,
My parents taught me well, when I sailed,
My parents taught me well,
To shun the gates of hell,
But against them I rebelled, when I sailed.

I'd a Bible in my hand, when I sailed, when I sailed,
I'd a Bible in my hand, when I sailed,
I'd a Bible in my hand,
By my father's great command,
And I sunk it in the sand, when I sailed.

I murdered William Moore, as I sailed, as I sailed,
I murdered William Moore, as I sailed
I murdered William Moore,

* Kidd's name was given as Robert in the original version.

And laid him in his gore,
Not many leagues from shore, as I sailed.

I was sick and nigh to death, when I sailed, when I sailed,
I was sick and nigh to death, when I sailed,
I was sick and nigh to death,
And I vowed with every breath,
To walk in wisdom's ways, when I sailed.

I thought I was undone, as I sailed, as I sailed,
I thought I was undone, as I sailed,
I thought I was undone,
And my wicked glass had run,
But health did soon return, as I sailed.

My repentance lasted not, as I sailed, as I sailed,
My repentance lasted not, as I sailed,
My repentance lasted not,
My vows I soon forgot,
Damnation was my lot, as I sailed.

I spied the ships from France, as I sailed, as I sailed,
I spied the ships of France, as I sailed,
I spied the ships of France,
To them I did advance,
And took them all by chance, as I sailed.

I spied the ships of Spain, as I sailed, as I sailed,
I spied the ships of Spain, as I sailed,

I spied the ships of Spain,
I looted them for gain,
'Till most of them was slain, as I sailed.

I'd ninety bars of gold, as I sailed, as I sailed,
I'd ninety bars of gold, as I sailed,
I'd ninety bars of gold,
And dollars manifold,
With riches uncontrolled, as I sailed.

Thus being o'er-taken at last, as I sailed, as I sailed,
Thus being o'er-taken at last, as I sailed,
Thus being o'er-taken at last,
And into prison cast,
And sentence being passed, I must die.

Farewell, the raging main, I must die, I must die,
Farewell, the raging main, I must die,
Farewell, the raging main,
To Turkey, France and Spain,
I shall never see you again, for I must die.

To Execution Dock, I must go, I must go,
To Execution Dock, I must go,
To Execution Dock,
While many thousands flock,
But I must bear the shock, and must die.

Come all ye young and old, see me die, see me die,
 Come all ye young and old, see me die,
 Come all ye young and old,
 You're welcome to my gold,
 For by it I've lost my soul, and must die.

Take warning now by me, for I must die, for I must die,
 Take warning now by me, for I must die,
 Take warning now by me,
 And shun bad company,
 Lest you come to hell with me, for I die.

A CATCH ♡

A HOSS and a flea an' a little mice,
 Settin' in the corner shootin' dice;
 Hoss foot slipped and he sot on the flea,
 Flea sang out, "That's a hoss on me."

THE DYING HOBO x

As sung by Helen Ramsey

BESIDE a western water tank,
One cold November day;
Sheltered by a box car
The dying hobo lay.

His partner sat beside him
And slowly stroked his head;
As he listened to the last words
The dying hobo said.

"I'm going to a better land,
Where everything is bright;
Where handouts grow on bushes
And you sleep out every night."

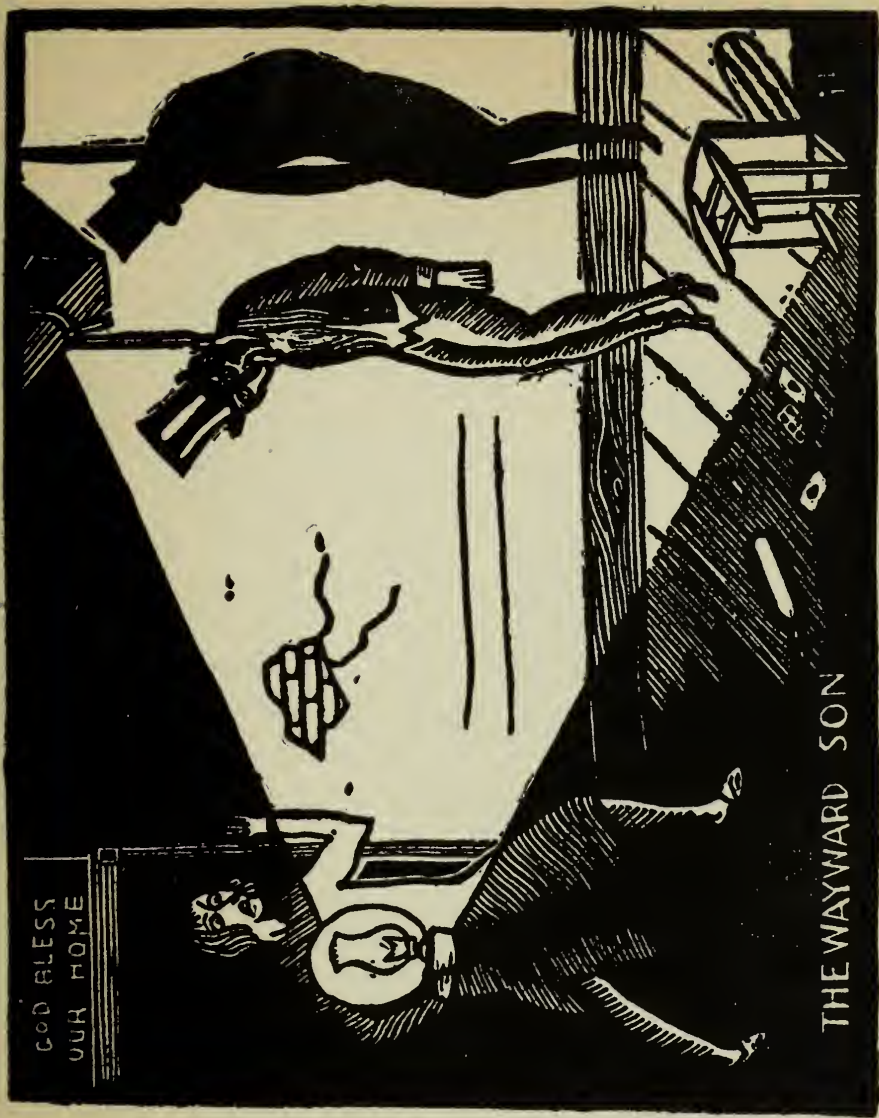
"Where a man don't ever have to work,
Or even change his socks;
And little streams of whiskey
Come trickling down the rocks."

“Just tell my girl in Denver,
Her face no more I’ll view,
For I’m going to hop a fast freight
And ride her right straight through.”

His eyes grew dim, his head fell back,
He’d sung his last refrain.
His partner hooked his coat and pants,
And caught an eastbound train.

GOD BLESS
OUR HOME

THE WAYWARD SON





**JOHNNY AND FRANKIE WERE LOVERS.
OHO MY GOD..HOW THEY LOVED!**

(OLD SONG)

JOAN HELD JR

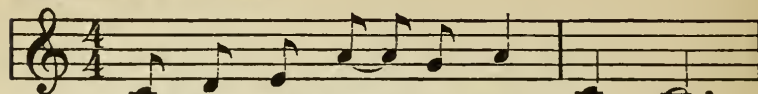
THE LAMENTABLE HISTORY OF FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE ☿

As sung by altogether too many persons.

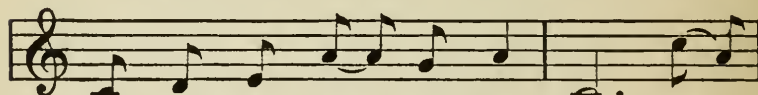
There are countless verses to this undubitably American folk-song and most of them are, quite honestly, ribald and unprintable. I have no sympathy for those commentators who insist that it is the unnatural spawn of the Negro melody, Frankie and Albert. Surely the infidelity of the lover does not make it Negroid. My conclusions are that the latter is an Afro-American variant of the genuine ballad which found great favor among the covered wagon pioneers and Civil War soldiers.

The verses given herewith for all their limitations tell the story. They will serve as a starting point for those who know but a few scattered verses and as a basis for controversy for Frankie and Johnnie fans.

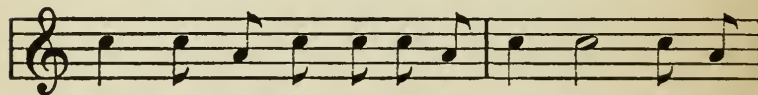
Arrangement by Clinton Jonas.



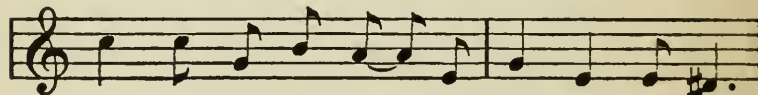
Frank - ie and John - ie were lov - ers.



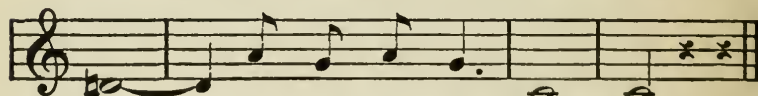
O my gawd how they could love, they



swore to be true to each oth - er, Just as



true as the stars up a - bove, He was her



man.... but he done her wrong....

2. Frankie she was a good woman,
And Johnnie he was her man.
And every dollar Frankie made
Went right into Johnnie's hand.
He was her man, but he done her wrong!
3. Frankie she was a good woman,
Just like everyone knows,
She paid a hundred dollars
For every suit of Johnnie's clothes.
He was her man, but he done her wrong!
4. Frankie and Johnnie went walking,
Johnnie in his brand new suit.
"O, my gawd," said Frankie,
"But doesn't Johnnie look cute?"
He was her man, but he done her wrong!
5. Frankie went down to Memphis,
She went on the morning train,
She paid a hundred dollars,
For Johnnie a watch and chain.
He was her man, but he done her wrong!
6. Frankie lived down at the *crib-house
Crib-house with only two doors,
Gave all her money to Johnnie,
He spent it on those call-house girls.
He was her man, but he done her wrong!

* Crib-house: bed-house or lodging-house.

7. Frankie and Johnnie, those lovers,
They had a quarrel one day,
Johnnie he up and told Frankie,
"Bye-bye, Babe, I'm goin' away,
I was your man, but I'm just gone!"
8. Frankie went down to the gin-mill,
To get herself a glass of beer,
.. She said to that great big bartender,
"Have you seen my lovin' man around here?
'Cause he is my man and he wouldn't do me
wrong."
9. "Ain't goin' to tell you no stories,
Ain't goin' to tell you no lie,
I saw your man 'bout an hour ago
With a hussy named Ella Fly:
And if he is your man, he's doin' you wrong."
10. Frankie went down to the hockshop,
She didn't go there for fun.
She pawned all her jewelery
And bought a great big forty-four gun,
For to kill that man who was doing her wrong!
11. Frankie went down to the call-house,
She leaned on that call-house bell,
"Get out of the way all chippies and fools

Or I'll blow you straight to hell;
I want my man who is doing me wrong."

12. Frankie looked over the transom,
And there to her great surprise,
Yes, there on a couch sat Johnnie
A-lovin' up that Ella Fly.
He was her man and he was doing her wrong!
13. The girls all said to Frankie,
"Frankie, now don't you shoot."
But Frankie pulled down on the trigger
And the gun went roota-toot-toot,
Into that man who had done her wrong!
14. First time she shot him he staggered,
Second time she shot him he fell,
Third time she shot him, O, Lordy,
There was a new man's face in hell.
She'd killed that man, who had done her wrong!
15. "O, roll me over, sweetheart,
O, roll me over slow,
O, roll me over on my right side
Where the bullets ain't hurtin' me so.
I was your man but I done you wrong."
16. After she shot him she was sorry,
And it wrang her poor heart sore,

To see her loving Johnnie
 Stretched across that hotel floor.
 But he was her man and he done her wrong!

17. Frankie went down to the undertaker's,
 And ordered up a casket sound;
 All lined with silks and satins—
 The best that could be found,
 To bury that man who had done her wrong!

18. Bring on your open barouches,
 Bring on your rubber tired hack.
 Seven goin' down to the cemetery
 But there's only six a-comin' back.
 They're planting that man who had done her
 wrong!

19. "O, bring 'round a thousand policemen,
 Bring 'em around today,
 To lock me in the dungeon
 And throw the key away.
 I shot my man who was doing me wrong."

20. "Yes, put me in that dungeon,
 Oh, put me in that cell,
 Put me where the north-west wind blows
 From the south-east corner of hell.
 I killed my man who had done me wrong."

21. Frankie she said to the warden,
 “What are they going to do?”
The warden he said to Frankie,
 “It’s the electric chair for you!
 You killed your man because he done you wrong.”
22. The sheriff came ’round in the morning,
 He said it was all for the best;
He said her lover Johnnie
 Was nothin’ but a gawdam pest.
 He was her man and he done her wrong.
23. Frankie she sits in her crib-house,
 Underneath the electric fan,
Telling her little sister,
 To beware of the gawdam man.
 “He’ll do you wrong, just as sure as you’re born.”
24. This story has no moral,
 This story has no end,
This story only goes to show
 That there ain’t no good in men.
 They’ll do you wrong just as sure’s you’re born.

THE DYING FISHERMAN'S SONG ♡

TWAS midnight on the ocean,
Not a street car was in sight;
The sun was shining brightly,
For it had rained all that night.

'Twas a summer's day in winter,
The rain was snowing fast,
As a barefoot girl with shoes on
Stood sitting in the grass.

'Twas evening and the rising sun
Was setting in the west;
And all the fishes in the trees
Were cuddled in their nests.

The rain was pouring down,
The sun was shining bright,
And everything that you could see
Was hidden out of sight.

The organ peeled potatoes,
Lard was rendered by the choir;

When the sexton rang the dishrag
Someone set the church on fire.

"Holy smokes!" the teacher shouted,
As he madly tore his hair.
Now his head resembles heaven,
For there is no parting there.





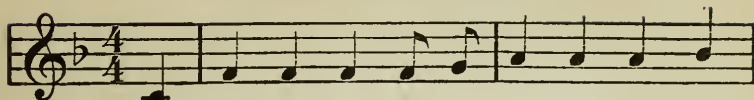
The DEAR DEAD DAYS

WHEN A GIRL DRANK BEER AND LIKED IT

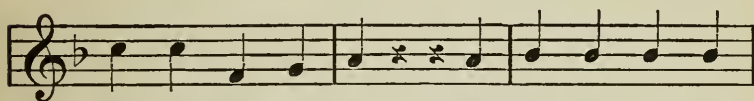
ENG. BY JOHN. HELD JR WITH THE LAUGH ON THE OTHER SIDE OF HIS FACE

I HAD BUT FIFTY CENTS ♪

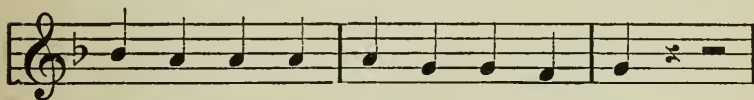
As sung by James E. Harris



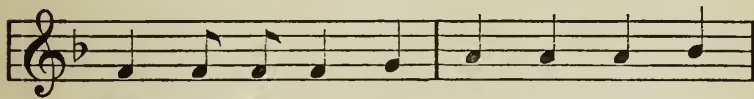
I took my girl to a ball last night, 'twas



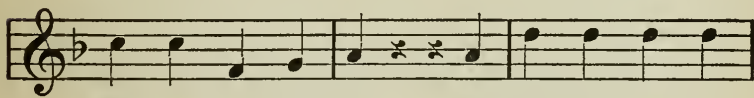
such a fan - cy hop, We stayed un - til the



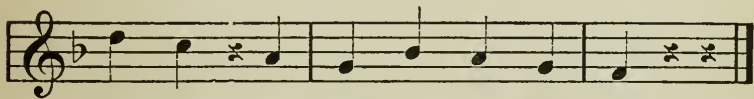
folks went home, the mu - sic it did stop;



Then to a rest - au - rant we went, The



fin - est on the street She said she was - n't



hun - gry but this is what she'd eat:

2. A dozen raw, a plate of slaw, some fancy Boston roast,
Some turtle stew, crackers, too, some soft-shelled crab
on toast;
Next she tried some oysters fried—her appetite was
immense!
She asked for pie! I thought I'd die, for I had but fifty
cents!

3. After eating all of this she smiled so very sweet;
She said she wasn't hungry at all, she wished that she
could eat.
But the very next order that she gave, my heart within
me sank:
She said she wasn't thirsty at all, but this is what she
drank:

4. A brandy, a gin, a big hot rum, a schooner of lager
beer,
Some whiskey skins and two more gins did quickly
disappear;
A bottle of ale, a soda cocktail, she astonished all the
gents!
She called for more, I fell on the floor, for I had but
fifty cents.

5. To finish up, this delicate girl cleaned out an ice cream can;

She says, "Now, Sam, I'll tell mama you're such a nice young man."

She said she'd bring her sister along next time she came, for fun;

I handed the man my fifty cents, and this is what he done:

6. He broke my nose, he tore my clothes, he knocked me out of breath;

I took the prize for two black eyes, he kicked me most to death;

At every chance he made me dance, he fired me over the fence.

Take my advice: don't try it twice, when you have but fifty cents.

JUST A WEE DOCH-AN-DORRIS ☞

JUST a wee doch-an-dorris,
Just a wee drap that's a',
Just a wee doch-an-dorris'
Before we gang awa'.
There's a wee wifie waitin'
With a wee bairn or two:
For if you can say
It's a braw brecht,
Moonlecht necht:
Yer a' recht, that's a'.

HAIL, HAIL! ☞

HAIL, hail, the gang's all here,
So what the hell do we care?
What the hell do we care?
Hail, hail, the gang's all here,
So what the hell do we care now?

WAY DOWN YONDER IN THE CORNFIELD ♡

SOME folks say that a nigger won't steal,
'Way down, 'way down, 'way down yonder in
the cornfield.

But I caught a couple in my cornfield,

'Way down, 'way down, 'way down yonder in the
cornfield.

.

Forty miles from whiskey
And sixty miles from gin.

I'm leaving this damned country
For to live a life of sin.

I'VE BEEN WORKIN' ON THE RAILROAD ♡

I'VE been working on the railroad,
All the live long day:
I've been workin' on the railroad
Just to pass the time away.

Don't you hear the whistle tooting?

Rise up so early in the morn.

Don't you hear the foreman shouting?

Dinah, blow your horn.



THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH

LITTLE BROWN JUG ♪

MY wife and I live all alone
In a little brown hut we call our own,
She loves gin and I love rum,
Tell you what, don't we have fun?

Chorus

Ha, ha, ha, 'Tis you and me,
Little brown jug don't I love thee?
Ha, ha, ha, 'Tis you and me,
Little brown jug don't I love thee?

If I had a cow that gave such milk
I'd dress her in the finest silk,
Feed her on the choicest hay,
And milk her forty times a day.

Chorus

'Tis you that makes my friends my foes,
'Tis you that makes me wear old clothes,
But seeing you are so near my nose,
Tip her up and down she goes.

Chorus

When I go toiling on my farm,
Take little brown jug under my arm,
Set it under some shady tree,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee?

Chorus

Then came the landlord tripping in,
Round top hat and peaked chin,
In his hand he carried a cup,
Says I, "Old fellow, give us a sup."

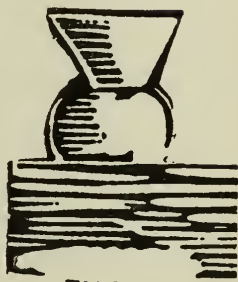
Chorus

If all the folks of Adam's race,
Were put together in one place,
Then I'd prepare to drop a tear
Before I'd part with you, my dear.

Chorus

I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE ☹

IF you want to find the Majors
 I know where they are,
 Yes, I know where they are.
If you want to find the Majors
 I know where they are,
Down in the deep dugout,
 I saw them, I saw them,
Down in the deep dugout,
 I saw them
 Down in the deep dugout.

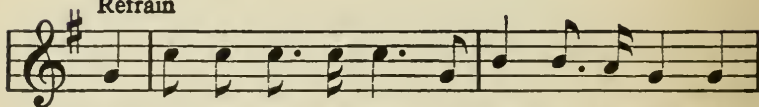


JESSE JAMES ♪

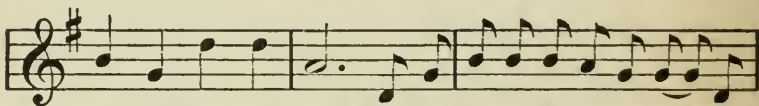
From William H. Wells, New York.

HOW the people held their breath
When they heard of Jesse's death
And wondered how he came to die;
For the big reward
Little Robert Ford
Shot Jesse James on the sly.

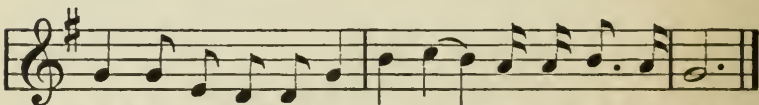
Refrain



Poor Jes - se left a wife to mourn all her life, The



children they were brave; But that dirt-y lit-tle cow-ard That



shot Mis-ter Howard Has laid poor Jes-se in his grave.

Jesse was a man,
A friend of the poor,
 Never did he suffer a man's pain;
And with his brother Frank
He robbed the Chicago bank,
 And stopped the Glendale train.

Chorus

Jesse goes to rest
With his hand on his breast,
 And the devil will be upon his knees;
He was born one day
In the county of Clay,
 And came from a great race.

Chorus

Men when you go out to the West,
 Don't be afraid to die;
With the law in their hand,
But they didn't have the sand
 For to take Jesse James alive.

Chorus

THE BALLAD OF LYDIA PINKHAM ♡

As sung by John Fitzgerald

WHEN we sing of Lydia Pinkham
And how she loved the human race,
And how she sold her vegetable compound,
And how the papers published her face,
published her face!

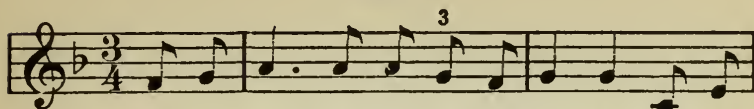
O, Mrs. Brown could do no housework,
O, Mrs. Brown could do no housework,
She took three bottles of Lydia's compound,
And now there's nothing she will shirk,
she will shirk!

O, Mrs. Jones, etc.
O, Mrs. White, etc.
O, Mrs. Green, etc.

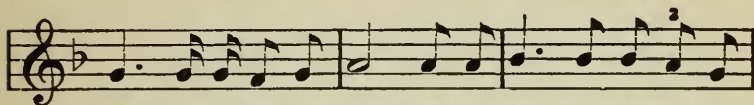
Another version is

Mrs. Jones she had no children,
And she loved them very dear.
So she took six bottles of Pinkham's—
Now she has twins every year.

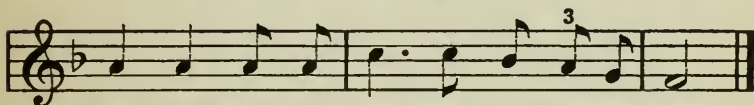
Chorus



Sing, oh sing of Ly - di - a Pink-ham and her



love of the hu-man race How she sells her vege-ta-ble



com-pound and the pa - pers pub-lish her face.

Lottie Smyth ne'er had a lover,
 Blotchy pimples caused her plight;
 But she took nine bottles of Pinkham's—
 Sweethearts swarm about her each night.

BACK AND SIDE GO BARE. GO BARE! ♡

BACK and side go bare, go bare!
Both foot and hand grow cold;
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a-cold.
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, go bare
Both foot and hand grow cold;
But belly, God send thee ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I have no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I do not desire.

No frost nor snow, nor wind I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold;
I am so wrapped, and thoroughly lapped,
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, etc.

And Tib my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek;
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,
Even as a maltworm should,
And saith, Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, etc.

Then let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to:
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
Or have them lustily trowled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.

Back and side go bare, etc.

This version, attributed Bishop John Still, was a modernization of a twelfth century ballad. It sounds as though it might find great favor at Oxford.

FILL THE FLOWING BOWL ♪

HE that drinketh strong beer and goes to bed right
mellow,
Lives as he ought to live and dies a hearty fellow.

Chorus

Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
Until it does run over
For tonight we'll merry be, merry be, merry be,
Tomorrow we'll get sober.

He that drinketh small beer and goes to bed quite sober,
Falls as the leaves do fall that die in dull October.

Chorus

Punch cures the gout, the colic and the *phthisic,
And is to all men the very best of physic.

Chorus

He that courts a pretty girl, and courts her for his
pleasure,
Is a knave unless he marries her without store or treasure.

Chorus

• Tisic, a progressive wasting disease, especially pulmonary consumption.

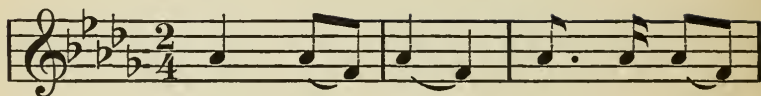
Now let us dance and sing and drive away all sorrow,
For perhaps we may not meet again tomorrow.

Chorus

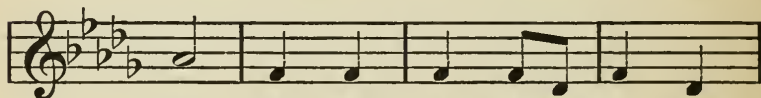
Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
Until it does run over.
For tonight we'll merry be, merry be, merry be,
Tomorrow we'll get sober.

Early Eighteenth Century Ballad.

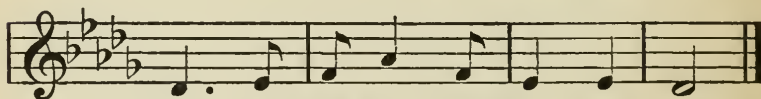
RAILROAD BILL



Rail - road Bill, Rail - - road



Bill, He nev - er worked and he



nev - er will, That bad Rail - road Bill.

Railroad Bill, mighty bad man,
Shoot all de lamps off de stan',
That bad Railroad Bill.

Railroad Bill, so mean and so bad,
Took ev'ything the po' farmer had,
That bad Railroad Bill.

Somebody went home an' tol' my wife,
All about—well, my pas' life,
Wus that Railroad Bill.

Railroad Bill never had no wife,
Always lookin' for someone's life,
That bad Railroad Bill.

I'm goin' home and tell my wife,
Railroad Bill tried to take my life,
Yes, bad Railroad Bill.

Ol' Macmillan had a special train,
When he got there wus a shower of rain,
Wus lookin' for Railroad Bill.

Ev'ybody tol' him he better go back,
Railroad Bill wus comin' down de track,
Wus Railroad Bill.

Railroad Bill was the worst ol' coon,
Shot Macmillan by the light of de moon,
Yes, that bad Railroad Bill.

Sheriff came a-knockin' at de do'
Said he was lookin' fo' me no mo',
Lookin' for Railroad Bill.

Ten policemen all dressed in blue,
 Comin' down the street two by two,
 Lookin' for Railroad Bill.

Ev'body tol' him he better go back,
 Policemen comin' down de railroad track,
 An' a-lookin' for Railroad Bill.

Railroad Bill, a-waitin' at de tank,
 Waitin' fo' de train called de Nancy Hank,
 In the mornin' jus' 'fo day.

Ol' Culpepper went up on Number Five,
 Goin' bring him back dead or alive,
 That bad Railroad Bill.

Railroad Bill said befo' he died,
 Goin' build a railroad fo' de hoboes to ride,
 Ride on, Railroad Bill.

First on de table, nex' on de wall,
 Ol' corn whiskey cause of it all,
 Done lookin' fo' Railroad Bill.

Railroad Bill led a mighty bad life,
 Always hookin' some other man's wife,
 That bad Railroad Bill.



THE OREGON TRAIL ☛

As sung by Helen Ramsey

WAY down yander in the Wahee Mountains,
Where folks don't know about books nor
countin's,
There lived a Zeke, an old galoot,
And all he knew was how to shoot.
He had a girl and he would always tell 'er,
Not to monkey with a city feller;
The city feller came without fail
And old Zeke shot him on the Oregon Trail.

On the Oregon Trail, that's where he shot' im;
On the Oregon Trail, they came and got 'im.
The city feller came without fail
And old Zeke shot 'im on the Oregon Trail.

Hezekiah had a lovely daughter,
Never did a thing she hadn't oughter,
She married Zeke and they went alone
Up in the mountains and built a home.

It wasn't long until the stork came flying,
Brought a kid that was always crying.
The poor stork died he grew so frail,
—Couldn't stand it on the Oregon Trail.

On the Oregon Trail that's where they killed 'im,
On the Oregon Trail a tomb they built 'im.
They dug his grave and on it wrote, "This poor bird was
the family goat."
He carried kids until his back was broke on the Oregon
Trail.



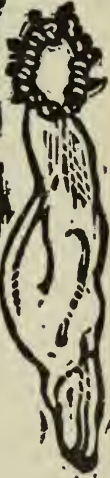
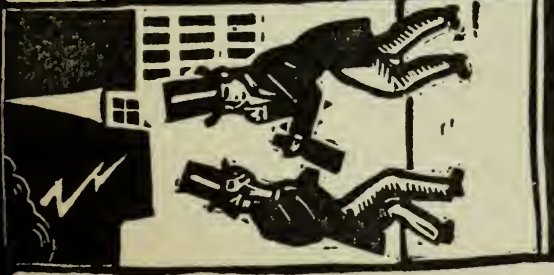
LE CHEF DE GARE x●

Le chef de gare
Il est coucou,
Le chef de gare
Il est coucou,
Qui est coucou?
Le chef de gare.
C'est que sa femme
Voulut—voulut—
Oh—ee. Oh—ee
Voulut—Voulut.

JOHN KELD JR.

[GOD PITY HER]

THE BOOTLEGGER'S BRIDE



O'SLATTERY'S LIGHT DRAGOONS ❧

YOU have heard of Julius Caesar and of great
Napoleon, too,
And how the Cork militia beat the Turks at
Waterloo.

But there's a page of glory that as yet remains uncut,
'Tis the immortal story of O'Slattery's mounted foot.

This gallant corps was organized by O'Slattery's oldest
son,

A noble minded poacher with a double-breasted gun,
And many a head was broken, aye, and many an eye was
shut

In learning to maneuver with O'Slattery's mounted foot.

Then down from the mountains came the squadrons and
platoons,

Those four and twenty fighting men and a couple of stout
gossoons.

The band was playing merrily those patriotic tunes
Secure that fame would gild the name of O'Slattery's light
dragoons.

First they'd reconnoiter 'round O'Sullivan's old shabeen;
It used to be a chop-house, but we called it the canteen,
And there we saw a notice that the bravest heart un-
nerved:

All liquor must be settled for before the drinks are served.

So on we marched but soon again each warrior's heart
turned pale,

For rising high forninst us we beheld the county jail.
And when the army faced about 'twas in time to find
A couple of policemen had surrounded it from behind.

"Across the ditch," our leader cried, "and take the foe in
flank,"

But yells of consternation then arose from every rank;
For posted high upon a tree we very plainly saw:
Trespassers prosecuted in accordance with the law.

"Foiled again," cried O'Slattery, "here ends our grand
campaign,

'Tis merely throwing life away to cross yon raging drain;
I'm not so bold as lions but I'm braver nor a hen,
And he who fights and runs away will live to fight again."

So back to the mountains went the squadrons and pla-
toons,

Those four and twenty fighting men and a couple of stout
gossoons.

The band was playing cautiously those patriotic tunes,
To gild the fame, tho' rather lame, of Slattery's light dra-
goons.

We reached the mountains safely tho' all stiff and sore
with cramp,
Each took a neat of whiskey straight to dissipate the
damp;
And when their pipes were loaded up O'Slattery up and
said:
Today's immortal fight will be remembered by the dead.

"I never will forget," said he, "while this brave heart shall
beat,
The eager way ye followed when I headed the retreat.
Ye've heard the soldiers' maxim when desisting from the
fight;
'Best be a coward for five minutes than a dead man all
your life.' "

So there in the mountains rest the squadrons and pla-
toons,
The four and twenty fighting men and a couple of stout
gossoons.
They march no more so martially to patriotic tunes,
But all the same they sing the fame of O'Slattery's light
dragoons.

SAMUEL HALL x

As sung by the Editor

MY name is Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall,
My name is Samuel Hall, and I hate you one and
all;

You're a gang of muckers all—
Damn your eyes!

O, I killed a man 'tis said, so 'tis said,
O, I killed a man 'tis said and I smashed his bleeding head,
And I left him lying dead—
Damn his eyes!

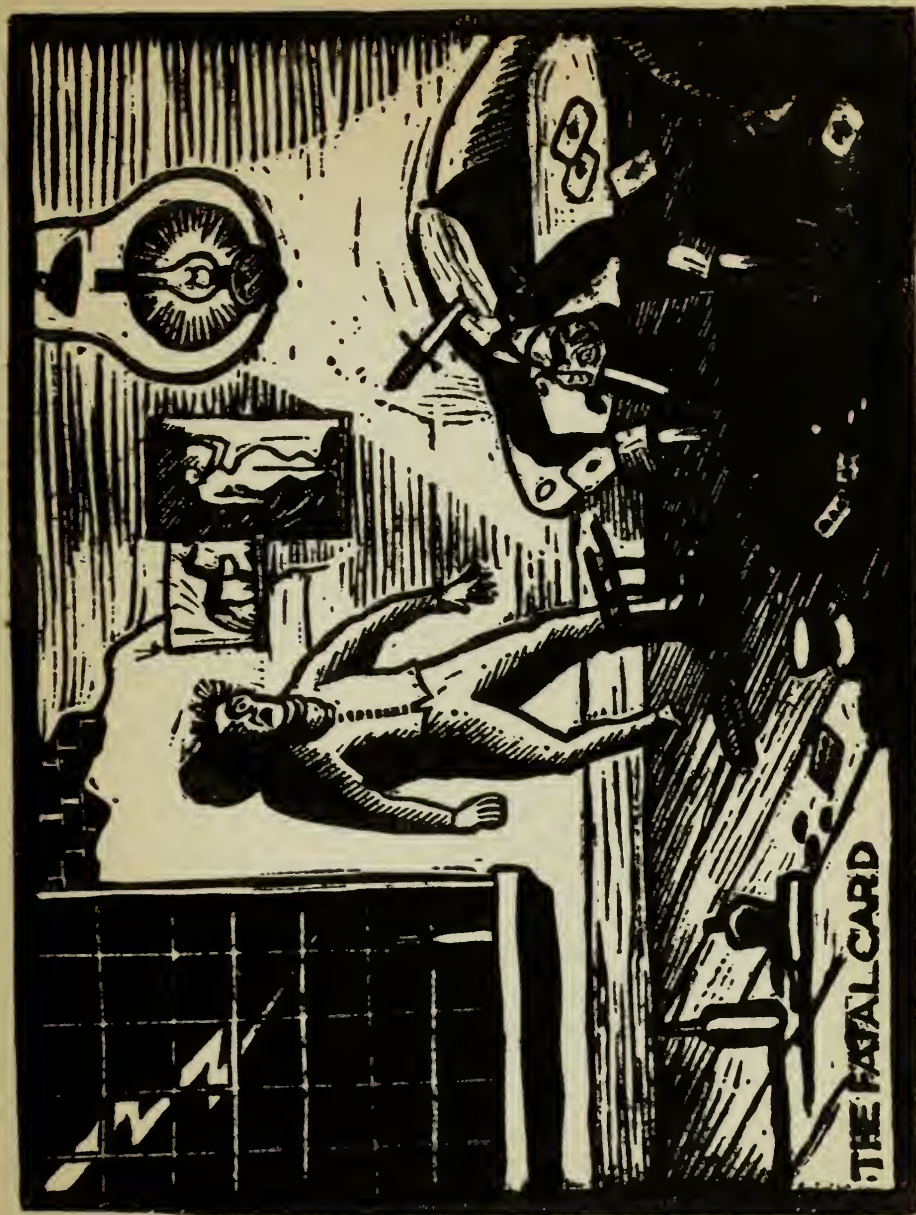
So they put me into quod, into quod,
So they put me into quod with a bar and iron rod,
And they left me there, by God—
Damn their eyes!

O, the parson he did come, he did come,
O, the parson he did come and he looked so very glum
As he talked of kingdom come—
Damn his eyes!

O, the sheriff he came, too, he came, too,
O, the sheriff he came, too, with his little boys in blue
Saying, "Sam, I'll see you through"—
Damn his eyes!

I saw Nellie in the crowd, in the crowd,
I saw Nellie in the crowd and I shouted right out loud,
"Say, Nellie, ain't you proud?"—
Damn your eyes!

So a swinging up I'll go, up I'll go,
So a swinging up I'll go while you people down below
Shout up, "Sam, I told you so."—
Damn your eyes!



THE SON OF A GAMBOLIER ☞

I'M a rambling rake of poverty,
From Tipperary town I came.
'Twas poverty compelled me first,
To go out in the rain;
In all sorts of weather,
Be it wet or be it dry,
I'm bound to get my livelihood
Or lay me down and die.

Chorus

Then combine your humble ditties
As from inn to tavern we steer,
Like every honest fellow
I drinks my lager beer,
Like every jolly fellow
I takes my whiskey clear,
For I'm a rambling rake of poverty
The son of a son of a son of a son of a gambolier.

I once was tall and handsome,
And was so very neat,
They thought I was too good to live,
Most good enough to eat;
But now I'm old, my coat is torn,
And poverty holds me fast,
And every girl turns up her nose,
As I go wandering past.

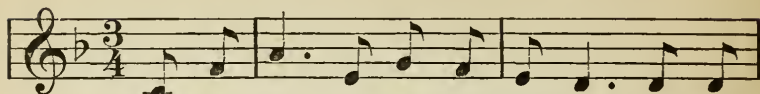
Chorus

I'm a rambling rake of poverty,
From Tipperary town I came,
My coat I bought from an old Jew shop,
Way down in Maiden Lane;
My hat I got from a sailor lad
Just eighteen years ago,
And my shoes I picked from an old dust heap,
Which everyone shunned but me.

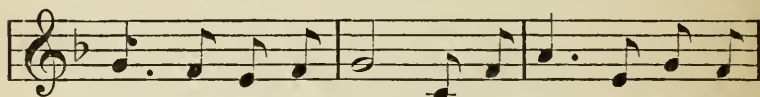
Chorus

IT'S THE SIME THE 'OLE WORLD OVER ♩

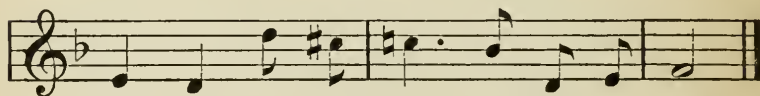
As sung by Harrison Dowd, Provincetown, Mass., 1925



She was just a par-son's daugh-ter pure and



un - styned was her nyme, First 'e 'ad 'er then 'e



left 'er And the poor girl lost 'er nyme.

Chorus

It's the sime the 'ole world over,
It's the poor what tikes the blime;
It's the rich what gets the grivy,
Aynt it all a bleedin' shime?

Then she went to London city,
For to 'ide 'er 'orrid shime;
There she met another squire;
Once agine she lost 'er nime.

Chorus

Chorus

Look at 'im with all 'is 'orses,
Drinking champigne in 'is club.
While the victim of 'is passions
Drinks her guinness in a pub.

Chorus

'Ear 'im in the 'Ouse of Commons,
Mikin' laws to put down crime;
While the womyun that 'e ruined
'Angs 'er 'ead in wicked shime.

Chorus

See 'er in 'er 'orse and carriage,
Drivin' d'ily through the park;
Though she's mide a wealthy marriage,
Still she 'ides a brikin' 'eart.

Chorus

In their poor and 'umble dwelling,
Where 'er grievin' parents live;
Drinkin' champigne that she's sent 'em,
But they never can forgive.

Chorus

In a rose embowered cottage,
There was born a child of sin.
But the baby had no father
So she gently did him in.

Chorus

IT'S THE SIME THE 'OLE WORLD OVER II

There is an alarming number of variations of this little piece. Several versions found favor with the British forces during the war. An American soldier of the Seventy Eighth Division, A. E. F., was heard singing the following:

'Ave you 'eard of Sally Carter,
Who should 'ave been Joe Johnsing's wife?
First 'e gets 'er into trou - bell,
Then he ups and tikes a knife.

"Ow, dear Joe," cries 'eart-broke Sally,
"I will be thy loving bride."
"The 'ell you, will," says Joe, and promptly
Sticks the blade in 'er inside.

Wot a 'orrid scene of terror
For to see 'er lying stiff!
Wot a funny way of ending
Just a lover's little tiff.

An' now 'e's riding in his carriage,
Passin' laws in England's nime,
While the victims of 'is passion
Creep awi' to 'ide their shime!

THAT TATTOOED FRENCH LADY 🐼

As sung by Packey Leveson

Tune: My Home in Tennessee.

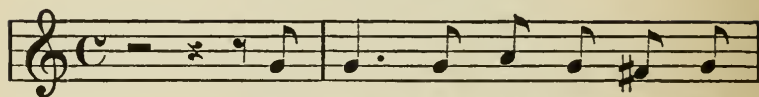
O I gi'e a shillin' to see
That tattooed French lady.
Tattooed from head to knee

She was a sight to see.
Right across her jaw
Was the Royal Flying Corps;
On her back was the Union Jack,
Now could you ask for more?

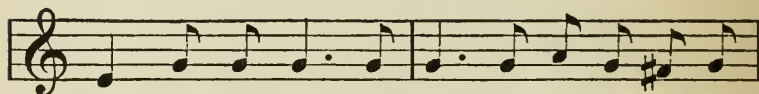
All up and down her spine
Was a squadron all in line;
And all around her hips
Was a fleet of battleships.
Right above one kidney
Was a birdseye view of Sydney.
But what I liked best was across her chest,
My home in Tennessee!

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN ♪

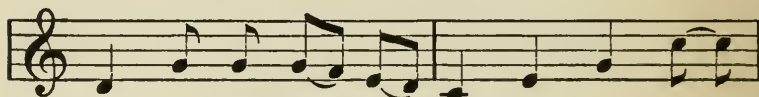
As sung by Ralph Geddes



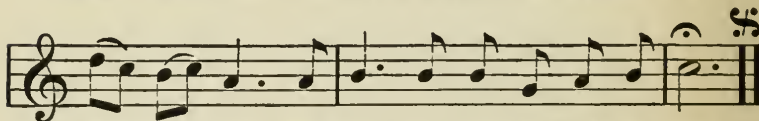
There is a tav - ern in the



town, in the town and there my dear love sits him



down, sits him down And drinks his wine 'mid



laugh-ter free, And nev - er, nev - er thinks of me.



Fare thee well, for I must leave thee, Do not

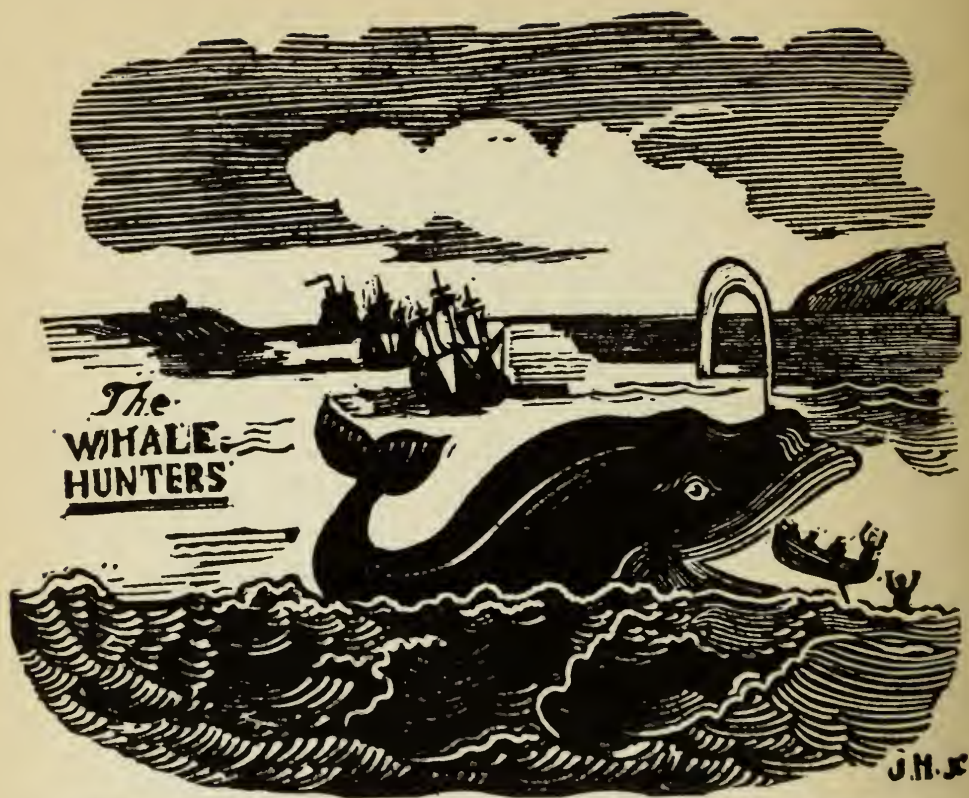
let this part - ing grieve thee and re - mem - ber

that the best of friends must part, must part. D. C. al

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,
 Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark,
 And now my love, once true to me,
 Takes that damsel on his knee.

Chorus

Oh! Dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep,
 Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet,
 And on my breast carve a turtle dove,
 To signify I died of love.



**RISKING LIFE AND LIMB TO SECURE OIL FOR ACTORS HAIR
AN ENGRAVING WITH A MESSAGE BY JOHN HELD JR**

WAL, I SWAN ☺

I RUN the old mill over here in Reubensville,
My name's Joshua Ebenezer Frye;
I know a thing or two, just bet your boots I do,
Can't fool me 'cause I'm too darn spry.
I've met your bunco men, always got the best of them;
Once I met a couple on a Boston train.
They says, "How be you?" I says, "That'll do—
Travel right along with your darned skinned game!"

Chorus

Wal, I swan, I must be getting on;
Git up, Napoleon, it looks like rain;
Wal, I'll be switched, the hay ain't pitched—
Come in when you're over to the farm again.

I drove the old mare over to the country fair,
Took first prize on a load of Summer squash.
Stopped at the cider mill coming over by the hill—
Come home tighter than a drum, by gosh!
I was so darned full I gave away the old bull,
Dropped both reins clean out on the fill;
Got home so darned late couldn't find the barn gate,
Ma says, "Joshua, 'tain't poss-i-bill!"

Chorus

We had a big show here about a week ago,
 Pitched up a tent by the old mill dam;
 Ma says, "Let's go in to see the side show—
 Just take a look at the tattooed man."
 I see a cuss look sharp at my pocketbook,
 Says, "Gimme two tens for a five?"
 I says, "You darn fool, I be the constable—
 Now you're arrested sure as you're alive!"

Chorus

I drove the old bay into town yesterday,
 Hitched her up to the railroad fence;
 Tied her good and strong, but a train came along—
 I ain't seen the horse or the wagon sense.
 Had to foot it home, so I started off alone,
 When a man says, "Hurry, your barn's on fire!"
 Wal, I had the key in my pocket, you see,
 So I knew the cuss was a fool or a liar.

Chorus

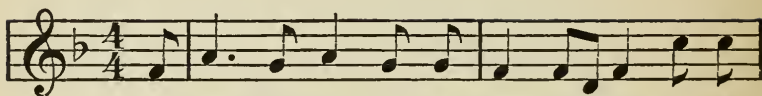
My son Joshua went to Philadelphia,
 He wouldn't do a day's work if he could;
 He didn't give a darn about staying on the farm,

What he's coming to ain't no good;
Smokes cigarettes, too, way the city folks do;
Keep a-writin' home he's doing right well;
Seems kind of funny, but he's always out of money—
Ma says the boy's up to some kind of hell.

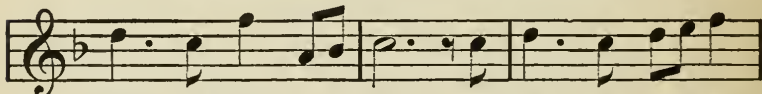
Chorus



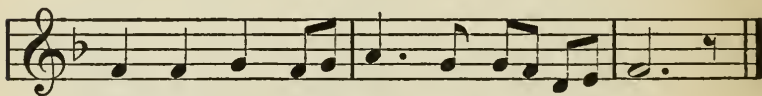
YOUNG CHARLOTTE ♫



Char-lotte lived by the moun-tain side, In a



wild and drear-y spot, No oth-er house for



miles round, Be-side her fa-ther's cot.

And yet on many a wintry night,
Young swains were gathered there;
For her father kept a festive board,
And she was very fair.

Her father loved to see her dressed
Gay as any city belle;
She was the only child he had
And he loved his daughter well.

One New Year's eve as the sun went down,
Far looked her anxious eye
As along the snowy wintry road
The merry sleighs passed by.

In the village fifteen miles away,
Was to be a dance that night;
Though the air without was piercino cold
Her heart beat warm and light.

How brightly beamed her laughing eyes,
As the well-known voice she hear'd;
As driving up to the cottage door
Young Charles and his sleigh appeared.

"Now, Charlotte, dear," her mother said,
"This blanket 'round you fold;
It is a terrible night without;
You'll catch your death of cold."

"Oh, no; Oh, no!" young Charlotte cried.
And she laughed like a gypsy queen;
"To ride in blankets muffled up
I never can be seen.

"My silken cloak is quite enough,
You know 'tis lined throughout;

Besides I have my silken shawl
To tie my neck about."

Her bonnet and her gloves put on
She jumped into the sleigh:
And they drove down the mountain side
And over the hills away.

There's life in the music of the merry bells,
As over the hills they go;
Such a creaking sound the runners make
As they crease the frozen snow.

With muffled faces tied about,
Five miles at length were passed.
When Charles with few and shivering words
Their silence broke at last.

"Such a dreadful night I never knew,
My reins I scarce can hold."
Young Charlotte shivering feebly said,
"I am exceeding cold."

He cracked his whip, he urged his steeds,
Much faster than before.
And thus five more dreary miles
In silence they passed o'er.

"How fast," says Charles, "the freezing ice
Is gathering on my brow."
And Charlotte still more weakly said,
"I'm getting warmer now."

And on they rode through the frosty air
And the glittering cold starlight,
Until at last the village lights
And the ballroom were in sight.

They reached the hall and Charles jumped out,
And reached his hand for her.
Saying, "Why sit there like a monument
That has no power to stir?"

He called her once, he called her twice,
But she answered not a word.
He called for her again and again,
But still she never stirred.

He took her hand in his. Oh, God!
'Twas cold and hard as stone.
He tore the shawl from off her brow,
Cold sweat upon there shone.

Then quickly to the lighted hall
Her lifeless form he bore;
Young Charlotte was a frozen corpse,
And danced she never more.

Then he sat himself down by her side,
While bitter tears did flow.
He cried, "My own, my promised bride,
I never more shall know."

He put his arms around her neck
And kissed her marble brow;
His thoughts went back to where she said,
"I'm growing warmer now."

'Twas then the cruel monster, Death,
Was claiming her as his own;
Young Charlotte's eyes were closed,
Poor Charles was all alone.

Then he bore her back to the sleigh,
And with her he rode home;
And when he reached the cottage door
Oh, how her parents mourned.

Her parents wept for their daughter dear,
And Charles mourned in the gloom,
Till at last young Charles, too, died of grief,
And they both rest in one tomb.

Young ladies, think of this dear girl
And always dress aright,
And never venture so thinly clad
Into the wintry night.



DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN ☞

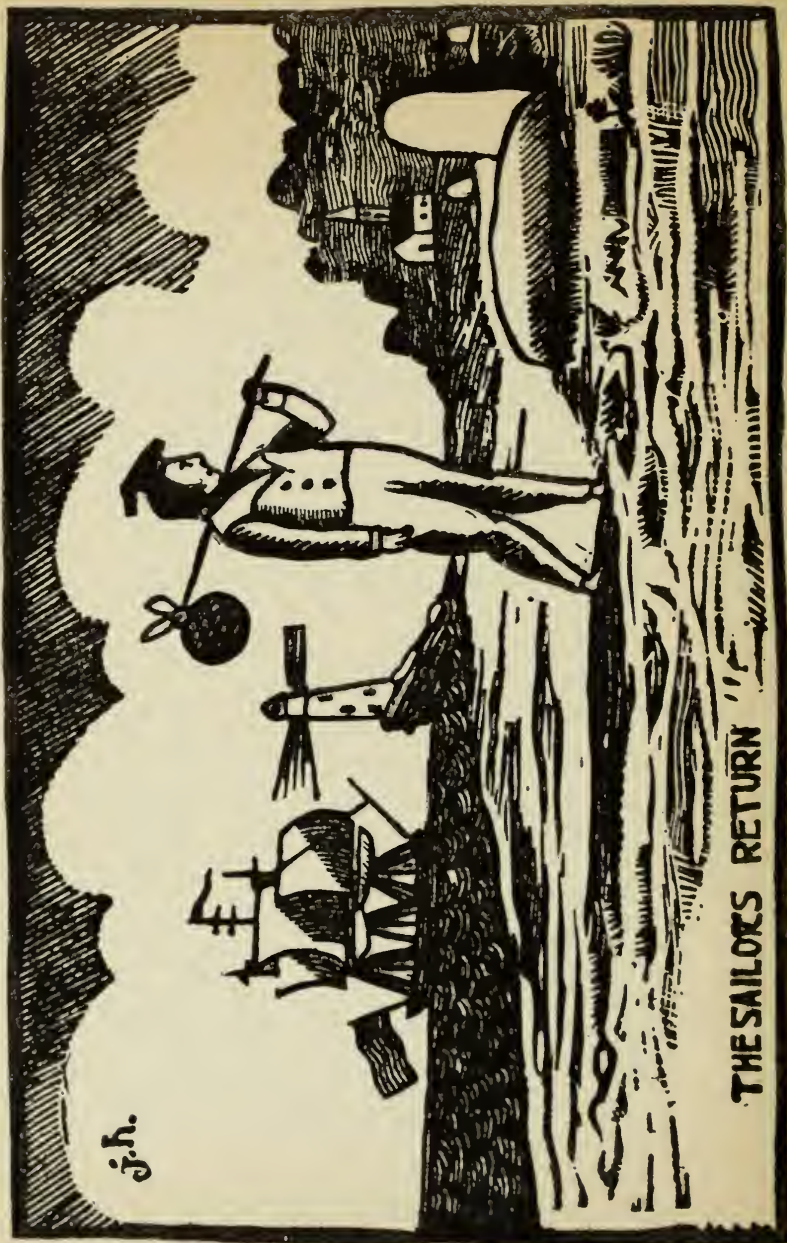
HERE'S a health to the king and a lasting peace,
To faction an end, to wealth increase;
Come, let's drink it while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death.
And he that will this health deny
Down among the dead men let him lie!

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In whom celestial joys are found,
And may confusion still pursue
The senseless women-hating crew;
And they that women's health deny,
Down among the dead men let them lie!

In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleasures to my soul;
Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
For Bacchus is the friend of love.
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie!

May love and wine their rights maintain,
And their united pleasures reign;
While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,
We'll sing the joys that both afford;
And they that won't with us comply,
Down among the dead men let them lie!

Early Eighteenth Century ballad attributed to John Dyer (1700-58).



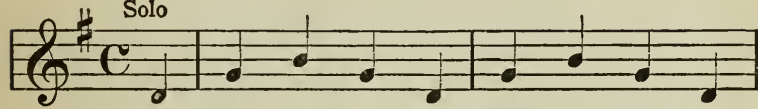
THE SAILOR'S RETURN

J.H.

WHISKEY FOR MY JOHNNY


As sung by one who knew and loved his rye on board the Diesel Ship
Glenpool, August, 1915

Solo



O, whis - key is the life of man, O

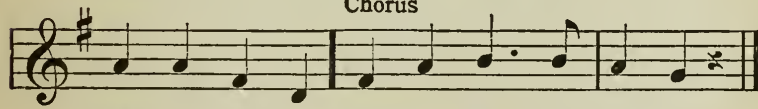
Chorus



whis - key John - ny! I'll drink whis - key

Solo

Chorus



when I can, O, whis-key for my John-ny!

I'll drink whiskey when I can,
O, whiskey, Johnny!
Whiskey from an old tin can,
O, whiskey for my Johnny!

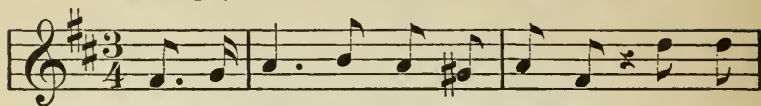
I drink it hot, I drink it cold,
O, whiskey, Johnny!
I drink it new, I drink it old,
O, whiskey for my Johnny!

Whiskey makes me feel so glad,
O, whiskey, Johnny!
Whiskey killed my poor old dad,
O, whiskey for my Johnny!

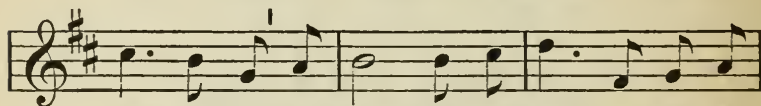


ROLLING HOME ♪

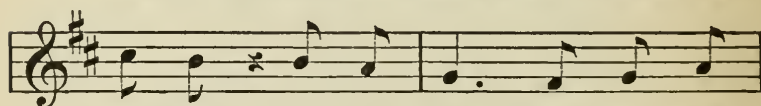
As sung by the crew of the S.S. *Standard*, May, 1915



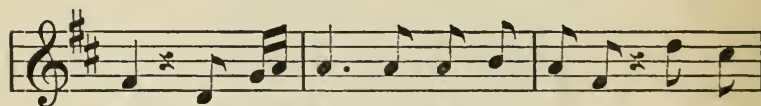
Call all hands to man the cap-stan, See the



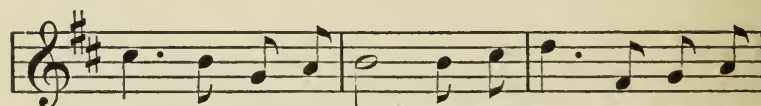
ca - ble run down clear, Heave a - way, and with a



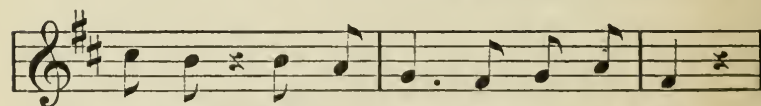
will, boys, For old En - gland we will



steer; And we'll sing in joy - ful cho-rus In the



watch - es of the night, And we'll sight the shores of



Eng-land When the gray dawn brings the light.

Chorus

Roll - ing home, roll - ing home, roll - ing
home a - cross the sea; Roll - ing home to mer-rie
En - gland, Roll - ing home, dear land, to thee.

Call all hands to man the capstan,
See the cable run down clear,
Heave away, and with a will, boys,
For old England we will steer;
And we'll sing in jolly chorus
In the watches of the night,
And we'll sight the shores of England
When the gray dawn brings the light.

Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home across the sea;
Rolling home to dear old England,
Rolling home, dear land, to thee.

Up aloft amid the rigging,
Blows the loud exultant gale,
Like a bird's out-stretched pinions
Spreads on high each swelling sail;
And the wild waves cleft behind us,
Seem to murmur as they flow,
There are loving hearts that wait you
In the land to which you go.

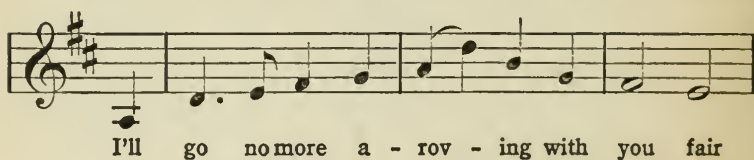
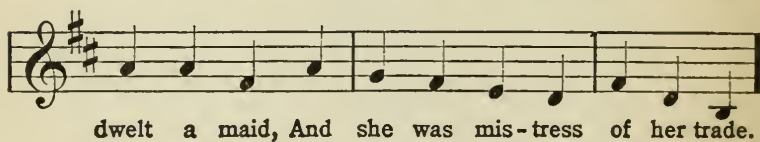
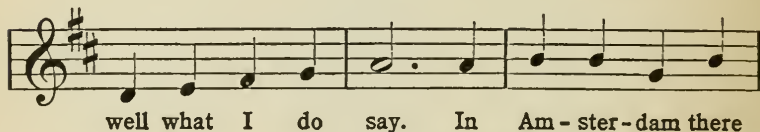
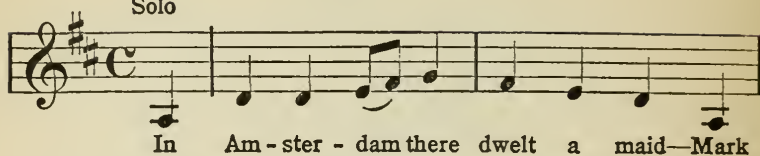
Rolling home, etc.

Many thousand miles behind us,
Many thousand miles before,
Ancient ocean heaves to waft us
To the well-remembered shore.
Cheer up, Jack, bright smiles await you
From the fairest of the fair,
And her loving eyes will greet you
With kind welcomes everywhere.

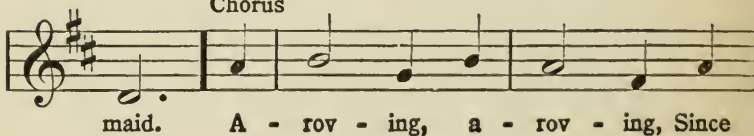


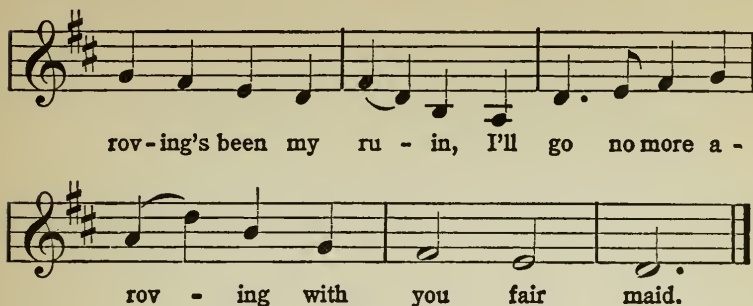
MAID OF AMSTERDAM ♫

Solo



Chorus





Her eyes were blue, her cheeks were red,
Mark well what I do say.
Her eyes were blue, her cheeks were red;
A wealth of hair was on her head.
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

Chorus

I put my arm around her waist,
Mark well what I do say,
I put my arm around her waist;
Says she, "Young man, you're in some haste."
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

Chorus

I took that girl upon my knee,
Mark well what I do say.
I took that girl upon my knee;
Says she, "Young man, you're rather free."
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

Chorus

THE HIGH BARBAREE ♫

Heard on board the S.S. *Standard* while afire off Yucatan, May 11, 1915.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one flat) and 6/8 time. The lyrics are: "There were two loft - y ships from old Eng - land". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics: "came Blow high, blow low, and". The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support.

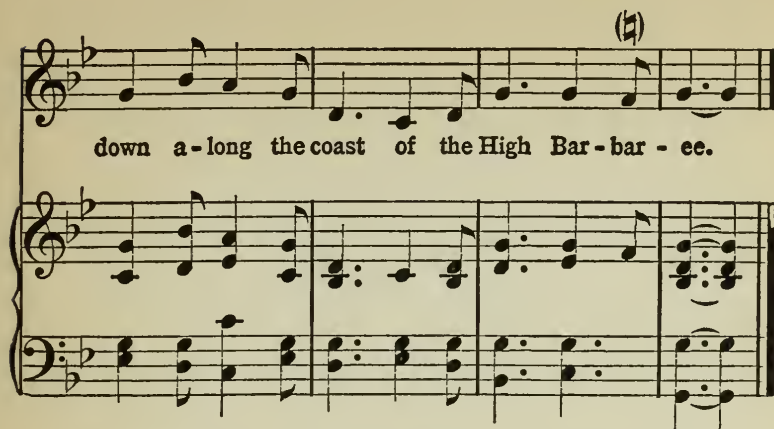
There were two loft - y ships from old Eng - land

came Blow high, blow low, and

140 MY PIOUS FRIENDS AND DRUNKEN COMPANIONS

so sailed we: One was the Prince of

Lu - ther, and the oth - er Prince of Wales, Cruis-ing



A LOFT there, aloft!" our jolly boatswain cries,
 Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
 "Look ahead, look astern, look a-weather and
 a-lee,
 Look along down the coast of the High Barbaree."

"There's nought upon the stern, there's nought upon the
 lee,"

Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;

"But there's a lofty ship to windward, and she's sailing
 fast and free,

Sailing down along the coast of the High Barbaree."

"O hail her, O hail her," our gallant captain cried,
 Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;

"Are you a man-o'-war or a privateer," said he,
"Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree?"

"O, I am not a man-o'-war nor privateer," said he,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
"But I'm a salt-sea pirate a-looking for my fee,
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree."

O, 'twas broadside to broadside a long time we lay,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
Until the "Prince of Luther" shot the pirate's masts
away,
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

"O quarter, O quarter," those pirates then did cry,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
But the quarter that we gave them—we sunk them in the
sea,
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.



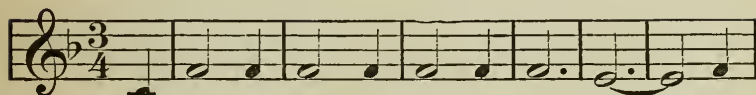


"JUST BREAK THE NEWS TO MOTHER"

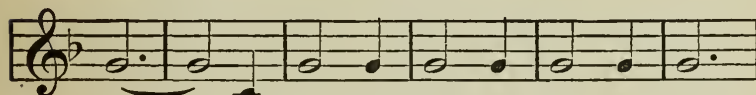
EARLY AMERICAN FOLK SONG ENG. BY JOHN HELD JR

MADemoiselle FROM ARMENTIERES ♫

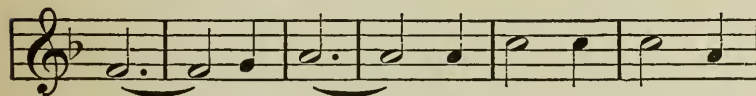
(Fragmentary)



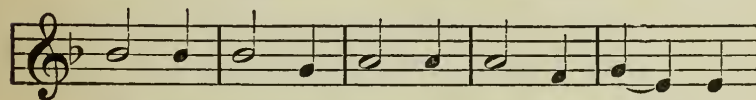
Mad-em - o' - elle from Ar-men-tieres par - - lez



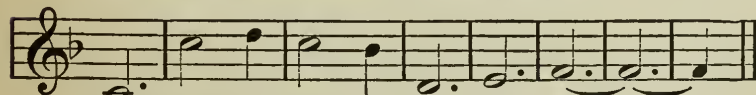
vous.... Mad - em - ois - elle from Ar-men-tieres



par - - lez vous..... Mad - em - ois - elle from



Ar-men-tiers. She has - n't been kissed in for - ty



years. Hink - y dink - y par - lez vous.....

Mademoiselle all dressed in white, parlez vous. . . .

Mademoiselle all dressed in white, parlez vous. . . .

Mademoiselle all dressed in black

'Cause her Yankee didn't come back,

Hinky dinky, parlez vous.

O, the French they are a funny race, etc.

They swipe your francs

And lie to your face, etc.

The little marine he grew and grew, etc.

And now he's hugging and kissing 'em too, etc.

The little marine he grew and grew, etc.

And now he's part of the army too, etc.

Froggie, have you some very good wine? etc.

Fit for a bum right out of the line, etc.

Froggie, have you a daughter fine? etc.

Fit for a marine just out of the line, etc.

O, oui, I have a daughter fine, etc.

But not for a Yankee just out of the line, etc.

Froggie, have you a daughter fine, etc.

Fit for a doughboy up in the line, etc.

O, oui, I have a daughter fine, etc.

Fit for a Yankee up in the line, etc.

The little Yankee went over the top, etc.
He didn't know when the hell to stop, etc.

The little marine in love with his nurse, parlez vous. . . .

The little marine in love with his nurse, parlez vous. . . .

 The little marine in love with his nurse,
 He's taken her now for better or worse,
Hinky dinky, parlez vous. . . .

OH! OH! OH! IT'S A LOVELY WAR! ♪

UP to your waist in water,
Up to your eyes in slush,
Using the kind of language
That makes the sergeants blush;
Who wouldn't join the army,
That's what we all enquire,
Don't we pity the poor civilians
Sitting beside the fire?

Chorus

Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a lovely war,
Who wouldn't be a soldier, eh?
Oh, it's a shame to take the pay.

As soon as reveille has gone
We feel just as heavy as lead,
But we never get up till the sergeant
Brings our breakfast up to bed.
What do you want with eggs and ham
When you've got plum and apple jam?
Form fours! Right turn!
How shall we spend the money we earn?

Chorus

When does a soldier grumble?
When does a soldier make a fuss?
No one is more contented
In all the world than us.
Oh, it's a cushy life, boys,
Really, we love it so;
Once a fellow was sent on leave
And simply refused to go.

Chorus

Come to the cook-house door, boys,
Sniff at the lovely stew,
Who is it says the colonel gets
Better grub than you?
Any complaints this morning?
Do we complain? Not we.
What's the matter with lumps of onion
Floating around the tea?

Chorus



**HARK! I HEAR THE BUGLE CALLING.
GOODBYE DOLLY GRAY.**

TWENTY YEARS AGO ☺

As sung by Helen Ramsey

TWENTY years ago today,
The yellow sun was settin'.
A soldier boy marched to the fray
And left his parents frettin'.
He said, "Good-bye, my mother dear,
I'm goin' off to fight,
If I'm not home tomorrow,
I may not be home tonight."

"Oh, mother, say good-bye for me
To little Mollie Humphrey,
I hear the bugles callin'
And I must fight for my country."

Yo ho for the land he loves so well,
He fought with a slide trombone.
The horn was too low,
And caught in his toe,
It tripped him and he fell.

"Who'll save the flag!" the general cried.

"I will," replied a stranger.

"Although I promised mother

I'd not go near any danger."

Our soldier boy jumped up and cried,

"You shall not go alone,

For I will accompany you

Upon my slide trombone."

A cruel cannon it came up

And shot his legs away;

But he kept rushin' onward

In the middle of the fray.

Yo ho for the land he loved so well,

He fought in his suit of blue.

Though only a musician,

It shows his ambition

For the land he loved so well.

I WISH I WAS SINGLE AGAIN ♪

WHEN I was single, Oh, then, Oh, then,
When I was single, Oh, then,
When I was single,
My money did jingle,
I wish I was single again, again,
I wish I was single again.

I married me a wife, Oh, then, Oh, then,
I married me a wife, Oh, then,
I married me a wife,
She's the plague of my life,
And I wished I was single again, again,
I wished I was single again.

My wife she died, Oh, then, Oh, then,
My wife she died, Oh, then,
My wife she died,

And then I cried,
To think I was single again, again,
To think I was single again.

I married another, the devil's grandmother,
I wished I was single again,
For when I was single,
My money did jingle,
I wish I was single again, again,
I wish I was single again.

WATER BOY 🐸

As sung by James E. Harris

WATER boy,
Where are you hidin'?
Ef you don' come
I'm gwine to tell yo' mammy.

Dere ain't no hammer
Dat's on dis mountain,
That rings like mine, boys,
That rings like mine.
Done bus' these rocks, boys,
From here to Macon,
All de way to the jail, boys,
Yes, back to the jail.

You, jack of diamonds,
You, jack of diamonds,
Now I know yo' of old, boy,
Yes, I know you of old.
You rob my pockets,

Yes, you rob my pockets,
You done rob my pockets
Of silver and gold.

Water boy,
Where are you hidin'?
Ef you don't come
I'm gwine to tell yo' mammy.

No one should attempt this song until he has heard Paul Robeson sing it.
(Victrola Record No. 19824.)





LET 16 GAMBLERS COME CARRY MY COFFIN"

OLD REFRAIN ENGRAVED BY JOHN HELD JR

THE COWBOY'S LAMENT

Version by Frank A. Lomax *

AS I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
I spied a poor cowboy wrapped up in white linen,
Wrapped up in white linen as cold as the clay.

"Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,
Play the Dead March as you carry me along;
Take me to the green valley, there lay the sod o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong."

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy,"
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by.
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story;
I was shot in the breast and I know I must die."

"Let sixteen gamblers come handle my coffin,
Let sixteen cowboys come sing me a song,
Take me to the graveyard and lay the sod o'er me,
For I'm a poor cowboy and I know I've done wrong."

* From Cowboy Songs published by Macmillan Company.

"My friends and relations they live in the Nation,
They know not where their boy has gone.
He first came to Texas and hired to a ranchman,
Oh, I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong."

"Go write a letter to my gray-haired mother,
And carry the same to my sister so dear;
But not a word of this shall you mention
When a crowd gathers round you my story to hear."

"Then beat your drum lowly and play your fife slowly,
Beat the Dead March as you carry me along;
We all love our cowboys so young and so handsome,
We all love our cowboys although they've done wrong."

"There is another more dear than a sister,
She'll bitterly weep when she hears I am gone.
There is another who will win her affections,
For I'm a young cowboy and they say I've done wrong."

"Go gather around you a crowd of young cowboys,
And tell them the story of this my sad fate;
Tell one and the other before they go further
To stop their wild roving before 'tis too late."

"Oh, muffle your drums, then play your fifes merrily;
Play the Dead March as you go along.
And fire your guns right over my coffin;
There goes an unfortunate boy to his home."

"It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
It was once in the saddle I used to go gay;
First to the dram-house, then to the card-house,
Got shot in the breast, I am dying to-day."

"Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin;
Get six pretty maidens to bear up my pall.
Put bunches of roses all over my coffin,
Put roses to deaden the clods as they fall."

"Then swing your rope slowly and rattle your spurs
lowly,
And give a wild whoop as you carry me along;
And in the grave throw me and roll the sod o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong."

"Go bring me a cup, a cup of cold water,
To cool my parched lips," the cowboy said;
Before I turned, the spirit had left him
And gone to its Giver,—the cowboy was dead.

We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly,
And bitterly wept as we bore him along;
For we all loved our comrade, so brave, young, and
handsome,
We all loved our comrade although he'd done wrong.

THE MORNING AFTER x

A GILDED mirror, a polished bar,
A million glasses, straws in a jar:
A courteous young man, all dressed in white,
Are my recollections of last night!

The streets were dirty and far too long,
Gutters sloppy and policemen strong:
The slamming of doors in a sea-going hack;
That's my recollection of getting back!

The stairs were narrow and hard to climb,
I rested often for I'd lots of time:
An awkward keyhole, a misplaced chair,
Told the folks plainly I was there!

A heated interior, a wobbly bed,
A sea-sick man with an aching head:
Whiskey, beer, gin, booze galore,
Were introduced to the cuspidor!

And with morning came bags of ice
So very necessary in this life of vice;
And when I cooled my throbbing brain,
Did I swear off and quit? No, I got soused again.

THE FACE ON THE BAR-ROOM FLOOR ☛

By Hugh D'Arcy

T WAS a balmy summer evening, and a goodly crowd was there,
Which well-nigh filled Joe's bar-room, on the corner of the square;

And as songs and witty stories came through the open door,

A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.

"Where did it come from?" someone said. "The wind has blown it in."

"What does it want?" another cried. "Some whiskey, rum or gin?"

"Here, Toby, sic 'em, if your stomach's equal to the work—

I wouldn't touch him with a fork, he's filthy as a Turk."

This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical good grace;

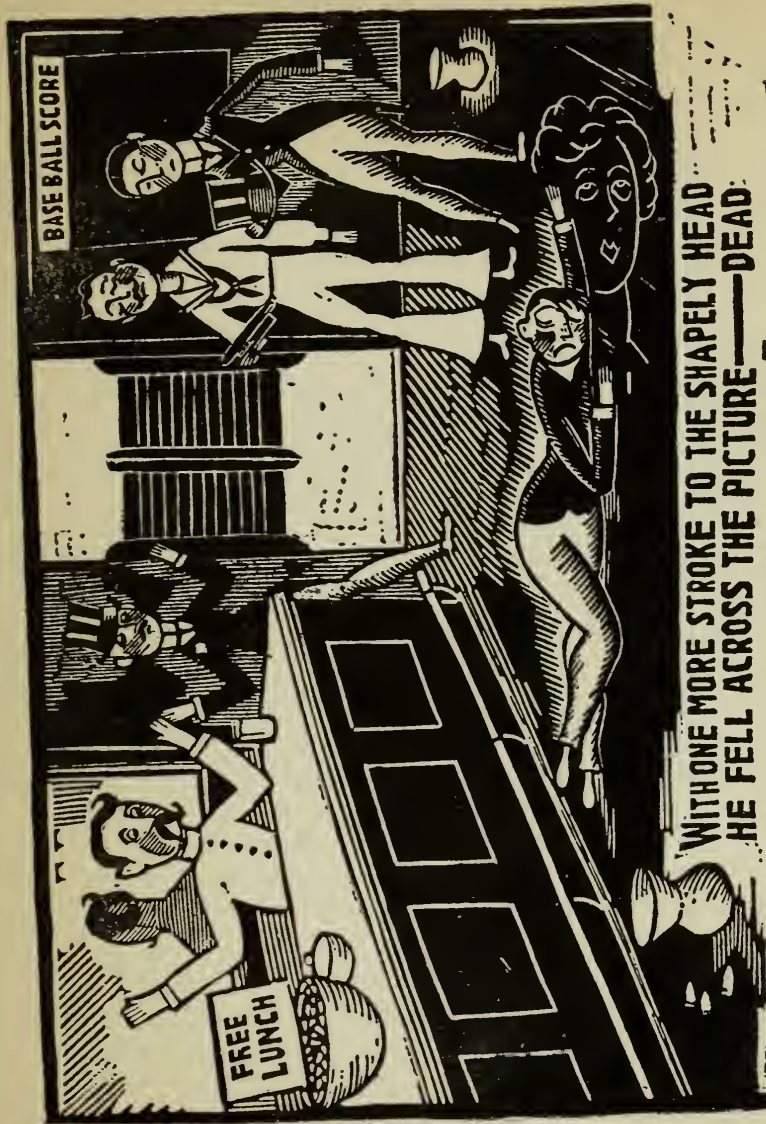
In fact, he smiled as tho' he thought he'd struck the proper place.

"Come, boys, I know there's kindly hearts among so good
a crowd—
To be in such good company would make a deacon proud."

"Give me a drink—that's what I want—I'm out of funds,
you know,
When I had the cash to treat the gang this hand was never
slow.
What? You laugh as if you thought this pocket never
held a sou;
I once was fixed as well, my boys, as any one of you."

"There, thanks, that's braced me nicely; God bless you
one and all;
Next time I pass this good saloon I'll make another call.
Give you a song? No, I can't do that; my singing days
are past;
My voice is cracked, my throat's worn out, and my lungs
are going fast."

"I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise, too,
Say! Give me another whiskey, and I'll tell you what
I'll do—
That ever I was a decent man not one of you would think;
But I was, some four or five years back. Say, give me
another drink."



WITH ONE MORE STROKE TO THE SHAPELY HEAD...
HE FELL ACROSS THE PICTURE—DEAD:
"THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR"
AN ENGRAVING BY JOHN HELD JR INCLUDED IN HIS
THESIS AMERICANA

"Fill her up, Joe, I want to put some life into my frame—
Such little drinks to a bum like me are miserably tame;
Five fingers—there, that's the scheme—and corking whiskey, too.

Well, here's luck, boys, and landlord, my best regards to you.

"You've treated me pretty kindly and I'd like to tell you how

I came to be the dirty sot you see before you now.

As I told you, once I was a man, with muscle, frame and health,

And but for a blunder ought to have made considerable wealth.

"I was a painter—not one that daubed on bricks and wood,

But an artist, and for my age, was rated pretty good.

I worked hard at my canvas, and was bidding fair to rise,
For gradually I saw the star of fame before my eyes.

"I made a picture perhaps you've seen, 'tis called the 'Chase of Fame'.

It brought me fifteen hundred pounds and added to my name.

And then I met a woman—now comes the funny part—

With eyes that petrified my brain, and sunk into my heart.

"Why don't you laugh? 'Tis funny that the vagabond
you see
Could ever love a woman, and expect her love for me;
But 'twas so, and for a month or two, her smiles were
freely given,
And when her loving lips touched mine, it carried me to
heaven.

"Boys, did you ever see a girl for whom your soul you'd
give,
With a form like the Milo Venus, too beautiful to live;
With eyes that would beat the Koh-i-noor, and a wealth
of chestnut hair?
If so, 'twas she, for there never was another half so fair.

"I was working on a portrait, one afternoon in May,
Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine, who lived across the
way;
And Madeline admired it, and, much to my surprise,
She said she'd like to know the man that had such dreamy
eyes.

"It didn't take long to know him, and before the month
had flown
My friend had stole my darling, and I was left alone;
And ere a year of misery had passed above my head,
The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished and was dead.

"That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never saw you smile,
I thought you'd be amused, and laughing all the while.
Why, what's the matter, friend? There's a tear-drop in
your eye,
Come, laugh like me; 'tis only babes and women that
should cry.

"Say, boys, if you give me just another whiskey I'll be glad,
And I'll draw right here a picture of the face that drove
me mad.
Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the base-
ball score—
You shall see the lovely Madeline upon the bar-room
floor.

Another drink, and with chalk in hand, the vagabond
began
To sketch a face that might well buy the soul of any man.
Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head,
With a fearful shriek, he leaped and fell across the pic-
ture—dead.

LASCA ❧

By Frank Desprez

Recited with gestures, by Fern Forrester Shay.

I WANT free life, and I want fresh air,
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whip like shots in a battle,
The mêlée of horns and hoofs and heads
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads,
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger, and life and love,
And Lasca!

Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang close to my side,
With blue serape and bright-belled spur;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her!
Little knew she of books or of creeds;
An Ave Maria sufficed her needs;
Little she cared save to be by my side,
To ride with me and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat,

She was as wild as the breezes that blow;
From her little head to her little feet
She was swayed in her suppleness to and fro
By each gust of passion; a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
Is like Lasca, this love of mine.
She would hunger, that I might eat,
Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet.
But once, when I made her jealous, for fun,
At something I'd whispered or looked or done,
One Sunday, in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
And sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger!
An inch to the left or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be maundering here tonight;
But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound
Her torn reboso about the wound,
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown—a deep, deep brown;
Her hair was darker than her eye;
And something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip and instep high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,

Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of old Spain.
She was alive in every limb
With feeling, to the finger tips;
And when the sun is like a fire,
And sky one shining, soft sapphire
One does not drink in little sips.

.
The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side, and forgot—forgot;
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest,
Forgot that the air was close, opprest;
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon;
That, once let the herd at its breath take fright,
Nothing on earth can stop the flight;
And woe to the rider and woe to the steed
Who falls in front of their mad stampede!

.
Was that thunder? I grasped the cord
Of my swift mustang without a word.
I sprang to the saddle, and she clung behind,
Away! on a hot chase down the wind
But never was foxhunt half so hard,
And never was steed so little spared;
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There was one chance left, and you have but one—
Halt, jump to ground and shoot your horse;
Crouch under his carcase and take your chance;
And if the steers in their frantic course
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your star; if not, goodbye
To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh
And the open air and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The cattle gained on us, and, just as I felt
For my old six-shooter behind in my belt,
Down came the mustang, and down came we
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast,
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Two lips that hard on my lips were prest;
Then came thunder in my ears,
As over us surged the sea of steers,
Blows that beat blood into my eyes
And when I could rise—
Lasca was dead!

.

**JUST BECAUSE
SHE MADE THEM
GOO GOO EYES.**

[OLD BALLAD]



J. HELDOR

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
And there in earth's arms I laid her to sleep;
And there she is lying, and no one knows,
And the Summer shines and the Winter snows;
For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head,
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the sly coyote trots here and there,
And the black snake glides and glitters and slides
Into a rift in a cottonwood tree;
And the buzzard sails on,
And comes, and is gone,
Stately and still, like a ship at sea.
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are, like the things that were,
Does half my heart lie buried there,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

OSTLER JOE

By George R. Sims

I STOOD at eve where the sun went down,
By a grave where a woman lies,
Who lured men's souls to the shores of sin
With the light of her wanton eyes;
Who sang the song that the siren sang
On the treacherous Lorelei height,
Whose face was as fair as a Summer's day
And whose heart was as black as night.

Yet a blossom I fain would pluck to-day
From the garden above her dust—
Not the languorous lily of soulless sin,
Nor the blood-red rose of lust—
But a sweet white blossom of holy love
That grew in that one green spot
In the arid desert of Phryne's life,
Where all else was parched and hot.

In the Summer, when the meadows
Were aglow with blue and red,
Joe, the 'ostler of "The Magpie,"

And fair Annie Smith were wed.
Plump was Annie, plump and pretty,
With a face as fair as snow;
He was anything but handsome,
Was the "Magpie's" 'ostler Joe.

But he won the winsome lassie;
They'd a cottage and a cow—
And her matronhood sat lightly
On the village beauty's brow.
Sped the months, and came a baby—
Such a blue-eyed baby boy,
Joe was working in the stables
When they told him of his joy.

He was rubbing down the horses—
Gave them, then and there,
All a special feed of clover,
Just in honor of his heir.
It had been his great ambition
(And he told the horses so)
That the fates would send a baby
Who might bear the name of Joe.

Little Joe, the child was christened,
And like babies grew apace.
He'd his mother's eyes of azure
And his father's honest face.

Swift the happy years went over,
Years of blue and cloudless sky;
Love was lord of that small cottage
And the tempest passed them by.

Down the lane by Annie's cottage
Chanced a gentleman to roam;
He caught a glimpse of Annie
In her bright and happy home.
Thrice he came and saw her sitting
By the window with her child,
And he nodded to the baby,
And the baby laughed and smiled.

So at last it grew to know him
(Little Joe was nearly four),
He would call the pretty "gemplum"
As he passed the open door.
And one day he ran and caught him,
And in child's play pulled him in;
And the baby Joe had prayed for
Brought about the mother's sin.

'Twas the same old wretched story,
That for ages bards have sung;
'Twas a woman, weak and wanton,
And a villain's tempting tongue;

'Twas a picture deftly painted
For a silly creature's eyes,
Of the Babylonian wonders
And the joy that in them lies.

Annie listened and was tempted—
Was tempted and she fell,
As the angels fell from Heaven
To the blackest depths of Hell.
She was promised wealth and splendor
And a life of genteel sloth;
Yellow gold, for child and husband—
And the woman left them both

Home one eve came Joe, the 'ostler,
With a cheery cry of "Wife!"
Finding that which blurred forever
All the story of his life.
She had left a silly letter,
Through the cruel scrawl he spelt,
Then he sought the lonely bedroom,
Joined his horny hands and knelt.

"Now, O Lord, O God, forgive her,
For she ain't to blame," he cried;
"For I ought to seen her trouble
And a-gone away and died.

Why a girl like her—God bless her—
 'Twasn't likely as she'd rest
With her bonny head forever
 On a 'ostler's ragged vest."

"It was kind o' her to bear with me
 All the long and happy time;
So, for my sake please to bless her,
 Though you count her deed a crime.
If so be I don't pray proper,
 Lord, forgive me, for you see,
I can talk all right to 'osses,
 But I'm kind o' strange with Thee."

Ne'er a line came to the cottage
 From the woman who had flown;
Joe, the baby, died that Winter,
 And the man was left alone.
Ne'er the bitter word he uttered,
 But in silence kissed the rod,
Saving what he told his horses,
 Saving what he told to God.

Far away in mighty London
 Rose the wanton into fame,
For her beauty was men's homage,
 And she prospered in her shame.

Quick from lord to lord she flitted,
Higher still each prize she won,
And her rivals paled beside her
As the stars beside the sun.

Next she trod the stage half naked,
And she dragged Art's temple down
To the level of a market
For the women of the town.
And the kisses she had given
To poor 'ostler Joe for naught
With their gold and precious jewels
Rich and titled roués bought.

Went the years with flying footsteps
While her star was at its height:
Then the darkness came on swiftly
And the gloaming turned to night.
Shattered strength and faded beauty
Tore the laurels from her brow;
Of the thousands who had worshiped
Never one came near her now.

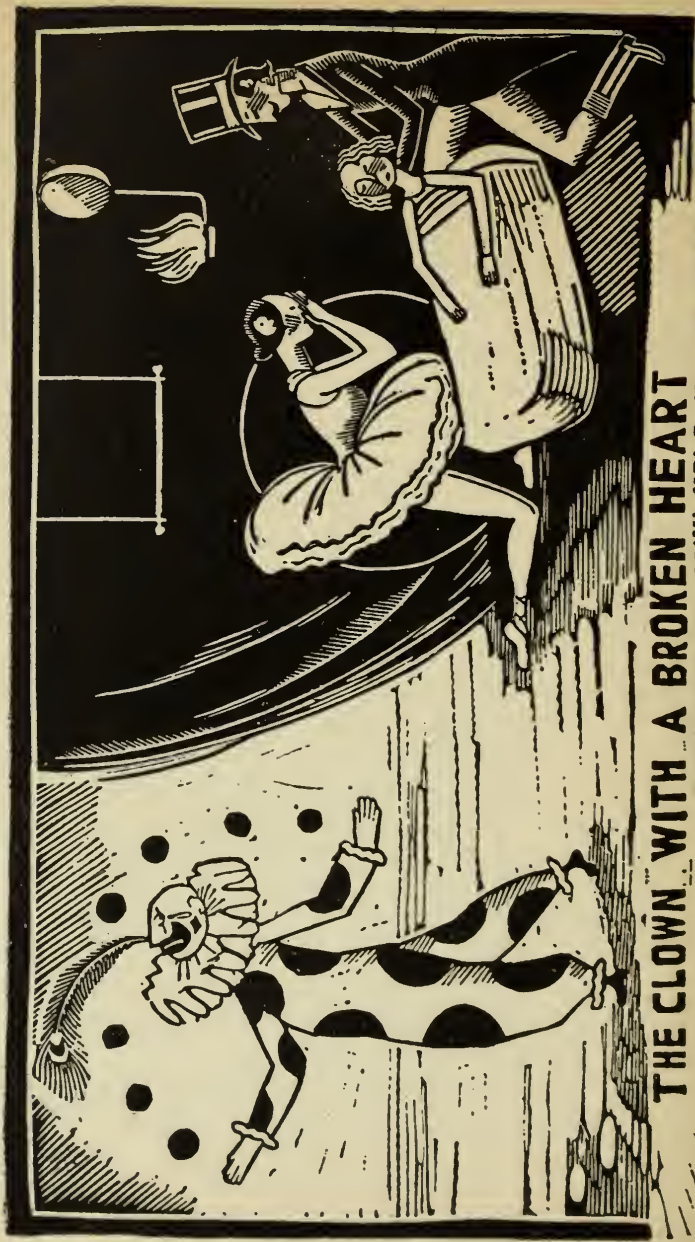
Broken down in health and fortune,
Men forgot her very name,
Till the news that she was dying
Woke the echoes of her fame,

And the papers in their gossip
Mentioned how an actress lay
Sick to death in humble lodgings,
Growing weaker every day.

One there was who read the story
In a far-off country place;
And that night the dying woman
Woke and looked upon his face.
Once again the strong arms clasped her
That had clasped her long ago,
And the weary head lay pillowed
On the breast of 'ostler Joe.

All the past he had forgiven—
All the sorrow and the shame;
He had found her sick and lonely
And his wife he now could claim.
Since the grand folks who had known her
One and all had slunk away,
He could clasp his long-lost darling,
And no man could say him nay.

In his arms death found her lying,
From his arms her spirit fled,
And his tears came down in torrents
As he knelt beside his dead.



THE CLOWN WITH A BROKEN HEART

ENGRAVED BY JOHN HELD JR AND NICELY TOO

Never once his love had faltered
Through her sad, unhallowed life,
And the stone above her ashes
Bears the sacred name of wife.

That's the blossom I fain would pluck today
From the garden above her dust;
Not the languorous lily of soulless sin
Nor the blood-red rose of lust,
But a sweet white blossom of holy love
That grew in the one green spot
In the arid desert of Phryne's life,
Where all else was parched and hot.

THE KID'S FIGHT ☹

US two was pals, the Kid and me;
'Twould cut no ice if some gayzee,
As tough as hell jumped either one,
We'd both light in and hand him some.

Both of a size, the Kid and me,
We tipped the scales at thirty-three;
And when we'd spar 'twas give and take,
I wouldn't slug for any stake.

One day we worked out at the gym,
Some swell guy hangin' round called "Slim,"
Watched us and got stuck on the Kid,
Then signed him up, that's what he did.

This guy called "Slim" he owned a string
Of lightweights, welters, everything;
He took the Kid out on the road,
And where they went none of us knowed.

I guessed the Kid had changed his name,
And fightin' the best ones in the game.

I used to dream of him at night,
No letters came—he couldn't write.

In just about two months or three
I signed up with Bucktooth McGee.
He got me matched with Denver Brown,
I finished him in half a round.

Next month I fought with Brooklyn Mike,
As tough a boy who hit the pike;
Then Frisco Jim and Battlin' Ben,
And knocked them all inside of ten.

I took 'em all and won each bout,
None of them birds could put me out;
The sportin' writers watched me slug,
Then all the papers run my mug.

"He'd rather fight than eat," they said.
"He's got the punch, he'll knock 'em dead."
There's only one I hadn't met,
That guy they called "The Yorkshire Pet."

He'd cleaned 'em all around in France,
No one in England stood a chance;
And I was champ in U. S. A.,
And knocked 'em cuckoo every day.

Now all McGee and me could think
Was how we'd like to cross the drink,
And knock this bucko for a row,
And grab a wagon load of dough.

At last Mac got me matched all right,
Five thousand smackers for the fight;
Then me and him packed up our grip,
And went to grab that championship.

I done some trainin' and the night
Set for the battle sure was right;
The crowd was wild, for this here bout
Was set to last till one was out.

The mob went crazy when the Pet
Came in, I'd never seen him yet;
And then I climbed up through the ropes,
All full of fight and full of hopes.

The crowd gave me an awful yell,
('Twas even money at the bell)
They stamped their feet and shook the place;
The Pet turned 'round, I saw his face!

My guts went sick, that's what they did,
For Holy Gee, it was the Kid!
We just had time for one good shake,
We meant it, too, it wasn't fake.

Whang! went the bell, the fight was on,
I clinched until the round was gone,
A-beggin, that he'd let me take
The fall for him—he wouldn't fake.

Hell, no, the Kid was on the square,
And said we had to fight it fair,
The crowd had bet their dough on us—
We had to fight (the honest cuss).

The referee was yellin' "break,"
The crowd was sore and howlin' "fake."
They'd paid their dough to see a scrap.
And so far we'd not hit a tap.

The second round we both begin.
I caught a fast one on my chin;
And stood like I was in a doze,
Until I got one on the nose.

I started landin' body blows,
He hooked another on my nose,
That riled my fightin' blood like hell,
And we was sluggin' at the bell.

The next round started, from the go
The millin' we did wasn't slow,
I landed hard on him, and then,
He took the count right up to ten.

He took the limit on one knee,
A chance to get his wind and see;
At ten he jumped up like a flash
And on my jaw he hung a smash.

I'm fightin', too, there, toe to toe,
And hittin' harder, blow for blow,
I damn soon knowed he couldn't stay,
He rolled his eyes—you know the way.

The way he staggered made me sick,
I stalled, McGee yelled "cop him quick!"
The crowd was wise and yellin' "fake,"
They'd seen the chance I wouldn't take.

The mob kept tellin' me to land,
And callin' things I couldn't stand;
I stepped in close and smashed his chin,
The Kid fell hard; he was all in.

I carried him into his chair,
And tried to bring him to for fair,
I rubbed his wrists, done everything,
A doctor climbed into the ring.

And I was scared as I could be,
The Kid was starin' and couldn't see;
The doctor turned and shook his head,
I looked again—the Kid was dead!

DON'T GO IN THEM LIONS' CAGE TONIGHT, MOTHER ☹

As sung by Lawrence Grant and W. D. Smith

To be half-recited, half sung in a cross between a childish treble and a whiskey tenor to any melody you can adapt to the words. It is quite effective at certain stages.

A LADY once she had a lovely daughter,
The lady was an actress on the stage.
She traveled with a troupe of awful lions,
And each night she went in them lions' cage.
One night the daughter had a premonition
That everything that night would not be right,
And so she told her mother in the kitchen,
"Oh, don't go near them lions' cage tonight!"

"Oh, don't go near them lions' cage,
Dear mother, dear, tonight.
Them lions am ferocious and might bite!
And when they get them angry fits
They'll chew you into little bits.
Oh, don't go near them lions' cage tonight."

The lady laughed "ha ha!" she did not heed the warning
That unto her her daughter she did give.

"Oh, no," she cried, "I do not fear them lions:
Not one of them could make me cease to live."

She went into that cage of awful lions,
Them lions were ferocious as could be.

"Alas," she cried, as one strode up and bit her,
"I now recall what daughter said to me."

Chorus

"Oh, who will save my mother?" cried the daughter.

"By lions she is being bit and et!"

"I will," replied a young man in the gallery;

"I'll save your mother from them brutes, you bet!"

He went into that cage of awful lions,

Of lion biting she was almost dead.

"Here is your ma," he said to her and kissed her;

For he the daughter loved and soon did wed.

THE MARINES' SONG

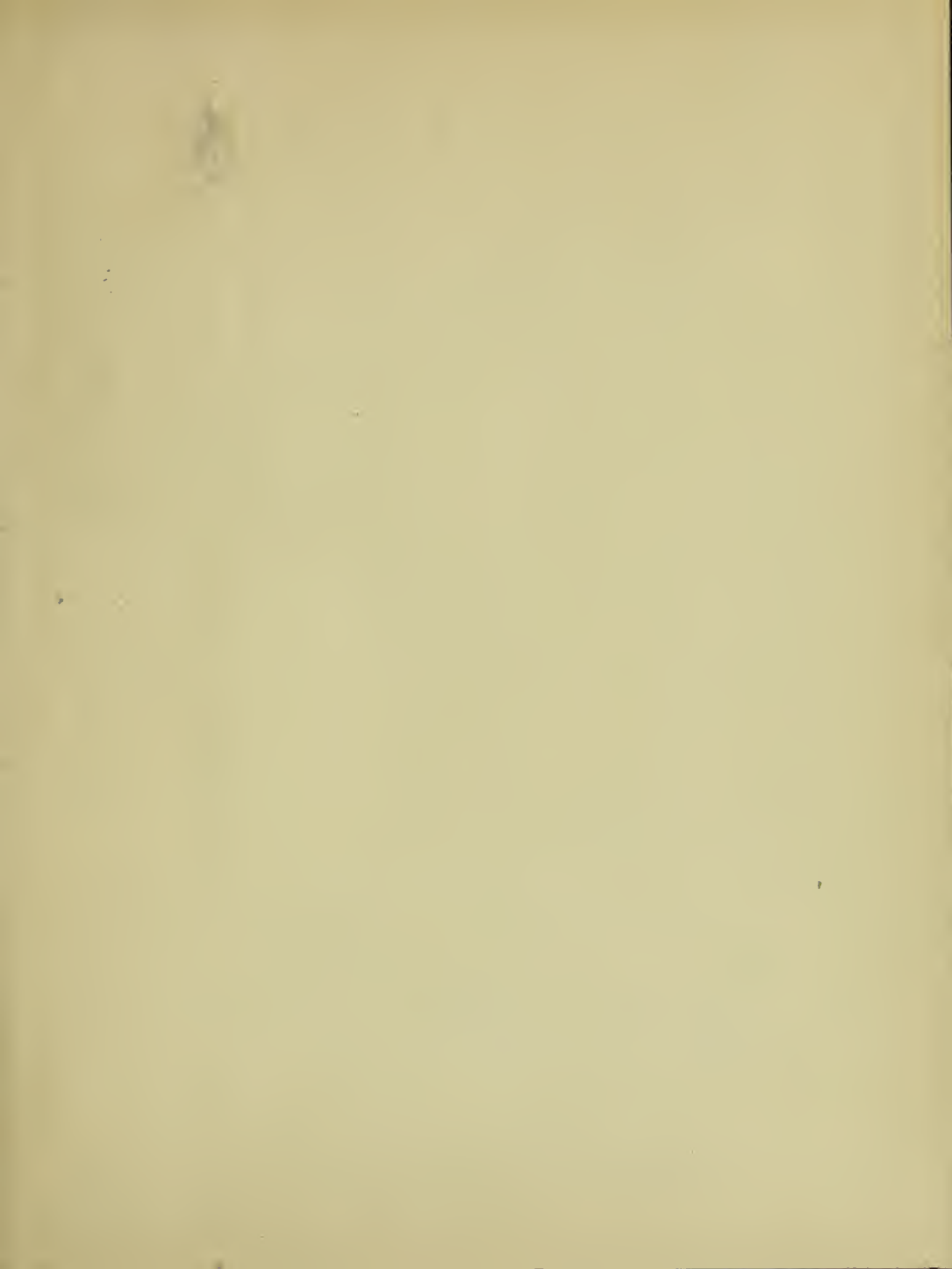
FROM the Halls of Montezuma
To the shores of Tripoli,
We fight our country's battles,
On the land as on the sea.
Admiration of the Nation,
We're the finest ever seen,
And we glory in the title:
The United States Marine.

From the Pest Hole of Cavite
To the Ditch at Panama,
You will find them very needy
Of marines. That's what we are.
We're the watch-dogs of a pile of coal,
Or we dig a magazine.
Though our job lots are quite manifold,
Who would not be a marine?

Our flag's unfurled to every breeze,
From dawn to setting sun;
We've fought in every clime and place
Where we could take a gun.

In the snows of far-off northern lands
And in sunny tropic scenes,
You will always find us on the job,
The United States Marines.

Here's health to you and to our corps,
Which we are proud to serve:
In many a strife we have fought for life
And never lost our nerve.
If the Army and the Navy
Ever look on Heaven's scenes,
They will find the streets are guarded
By the United States Marines.





The DEAR DEAR
WHEN THE WAITERS AT BILL
ENG. BY JOHN HELD J



DAYS
JES SANG "MY ROSARY"
WITH A LUMP IN HIS THROAT

